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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE city was shocked on Tuesday last by the news that Washington Irving was no more. He had been seen at church on Sunday, and had spent the evening of Monday, as usual, with his family; at ten o'clock that evening he arose, bade his family good-night, and with the aid of his niece proceeded to his room. He was not well, and had complained all day of a pain in his side and of general languor, but there was nothing in his condition of health which justified immediate alarm. Scarcely, however, had he reached his room-door when he fell heavily to the ground. He was speedily raised and medical assistance sought, but he never spoke or moved. His spirit had fled. Thus died Washington Irving, at the age of seventy-six.

He was born in William Street, between John and Fulton streets, in the city of New York, in the year which has been rendered memorable by the peace of Versailles; so that he was, so to speak, coeval, and, among eminent men, one of the few surviving coevals, of his country. Indeed, as he was born in April, while the peace of Versailles was only signed in November, he may be said to have been older than his country.

His father was a Scotchman, a man of some means, and gave his sons a fair education. One of them, Peter, became an editor—a pretty poor business in those dark days; Washington, a younger son, was trained for the bar. He never practiced; though, after some desultory studies, he appears to have been duly admitted to the profession. At the age of twenty-one his health gave way, and he left this country on a tour through Europe. He visited France, Italy, Holland, and Great Britain, and returned in 1806, thoroughly restored. He had, before his departure, contributed some papers, over the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," to the *Morning Chronicle*, his brother's paper; the popularity they obtained induced him to start a new satirical paper, in concert with J. K. Paulding and others, under the title of "Salmagundi." This publication, which was modeled on the *Spectator* and its compeers, lived a year, and is still remembered by literary men.

It was in 1808 that Mr. Irving wrote the work on which his fame will rest—"Knickerbocker's History of New York." This interesting volume will be read as long as fine humor and good taste are appreciated among us. Its title has become literally a household word.—Steamboats and stages, banks and citizens have appropriated the name of Knickerbocker. At this very time one of the most popular writers of New England is writing a very pale imitation of Washington Irving's famous history. Diedrich Knickerbocker's story was not only original, it was very amusing, and grotesquely truthful in respect of manners and customs; in the form of a romance it contained numerous effective hits at reigning follies and vices, and left a picture on the mind which did no great violence to history. It is, we think, the *magnum opus* of Mr. Irving.

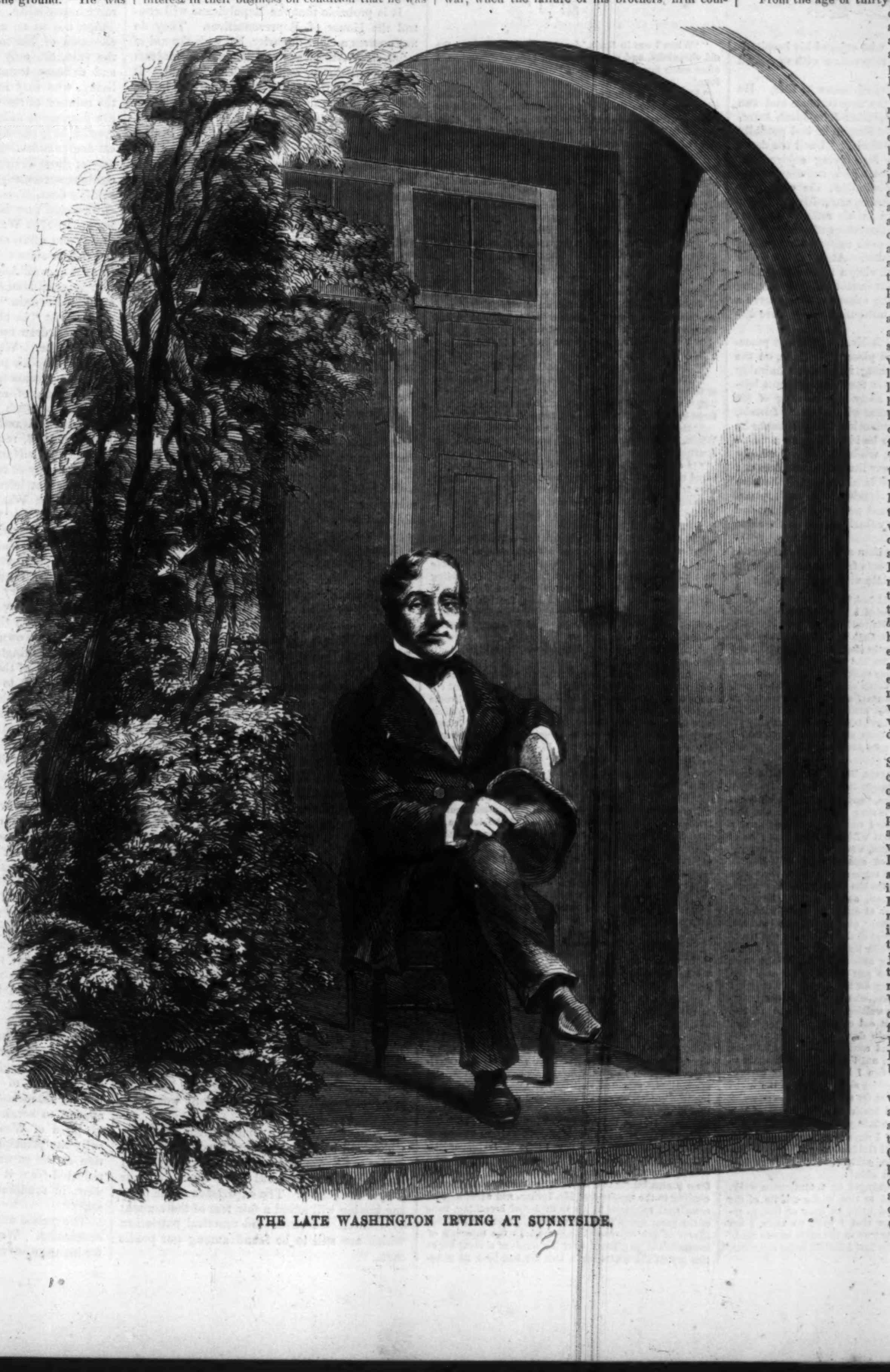
Its success was immediate, both in this country and abroad. In a pecuniary point of view, however, successful literature was at that time even a poorer resource than it is at present. Mr. Irving would have made little by his triumph had it not been for his brothers, who were at that time leading merchants in the Liverpool trade. They were naturally proud of their brother, and gave him an interest in their business on condition that he was to devote himself to letters, and to take no share in the management of the house beyond drawing his proportion of the profits. Their liberality was well requited. In 1819 they failed and went to pieces; and they are best remembered, and their children most distinguished by their connection with Washington Irving.

During the war of 1812 Mr. Irving had made a brief essay of the military career. He had obtained an appointment on the staff of that eminently pacific personage, the Governor of New York, and had won the cheap title of Colonel. But it does not appear that he was ever under fire. He found himself in a more congenial element after the war, when the failure of his brothers' firm compelled him to rely on his literary resources, and "The Sketch-book" appeared. It is quite painful to read in the newspapers elaborate eulogies on the publisher Murray—who actually paid the author five hundred dollars—the sale of the work (of which he had purchased the copyright from the original owner for $1000) having exceeded his expectations. True, in this hard matter-of-fact age, any man who pays $500 dollars over and above what he bargained deserves especial mention; but think of earning immortality and the title of a benefactor of Washington Irving for a sum which many a wealthy speculator or merchant spends for a dinner every day or two!

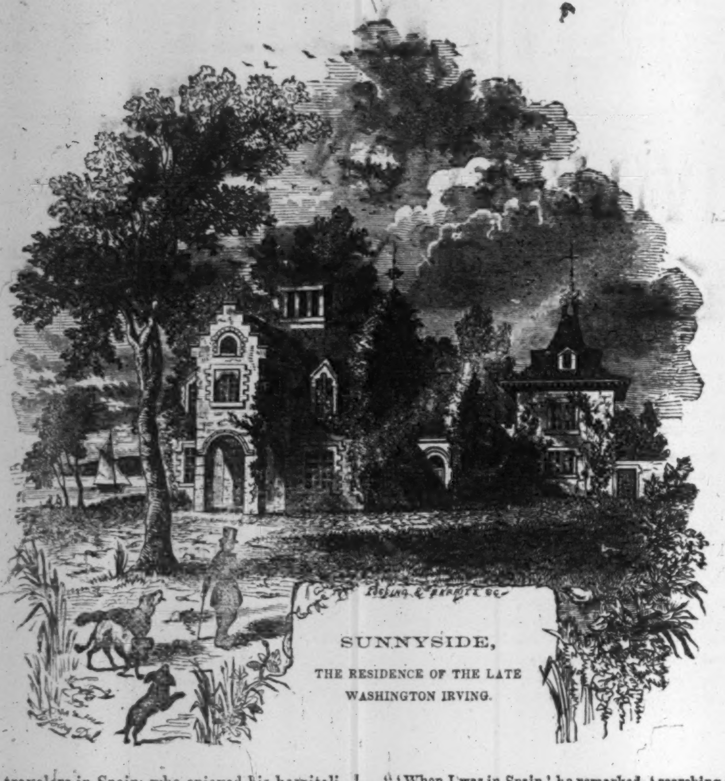
From the age of thirty till he was considerably over forty Mr. Irving resided in Europe, alternately in England, France, and Spain. During that period he wrote and published most of the works which his admirers now read. "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "Tales of the Alhambra," etc., all appeared during this period, and, without exception, achieved remarkable success both at home and abroad. Mr. Irving was able to do what few authors can achieve at the present time; he enjoyed a copyright in England and in the United States, and with the profits of the sales in both countries was enabled to lead a life of agreeable bachelor leisure. Accident gave him the entrée of the best literary society in foreign countries. He was a friend of the Irish toady Tommy Moore, and of the Scotch Tories Campbell and Walter Scott; he also associated, on terms of close intimacy, with true and noble disciples of literature, such as Lord John Russell and Lord Brougham. His mental calibre, to tell the truth, was hardly equal to that of the great *Edinburgh Review* school; but his genial nature, his foreign birth, and his agreeable style and manners, enabled him to become a member of their coterie without being taxed toward supporting the burden they bore.

In 1832 the United States (as has since occurred) felt the necessity of imparting some respectability to their diplomatic appointments, and Washington Irving was named Secretary of Legation to London. The appointment gave offense in some quarters, as Mr. Irving was at the time much more of a foreigner in his tastes and style than an American. So just a concession to letters, however, ultimately met public approval.—While in England he received a fifty-guinea prize for historical composition. He was likewise created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford.

In 1842 he obtained, without solicitation, the appointment to Madrid as United States Minister. This was before the Cuba excitement, and the post of Minister to Madrid was comparatively a sinecure. His tenure of office is well remembered, however, by Amer-



THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE.



SUNNYSIDE,
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE
WASHINGTON IRVING.

ican travelers in Spain, who enjoyed his hospitalities and the delight of intercourse with so refined and genial a man.

He returned to the United States in 1848. He had previously formed the acquaintance and won the heart of the great capitalist John Jacob Astor, whose dream of a Pacific Empire he had partially foreshadowed in his "Astoria." Until the death of that energetic man Mr. Irving enjoyed the closest intimacy with him. It is not easy to conceive two men more dissimilar; the one, hard-headed, practical, systematic, acquisitive; the other, romantic, superlative in his refinement, ignorant of business, and not covetous of money. Yet they were friends, and each esteemed the other, and even loved each other. At his death Astor appointed Washington Irving a trustee of the Astor Library and one of his executors, appropriating a fund out of which each executor was to have a salary of $5000 a year until their duties were discharged.

The last years of his life Mr. Irving spent peacefully and happily at his place, Sunnyside, on the Hudson. It is a charming residence, admirably fitted for a man of poetic tastes and elegant leisure. Here he whiled away the evening of his life in agreeable intercourse with admiring friends, and in congenial companionship with the books he loved. In order not to be idle he wrote a "Life of Washington," which, while it can not supply the void that is felt in our literature, and does not provide us with a suitable biography of the hero of this nation, will ever remain an agreeable, pleasant book, and will be read perhaps as widely and as long as a more truly valuable work on the same subject.

We can not do better than close this brief sketch with the following extracts from an account written by Mr. Tilton of a late visit to Sunnyside:

"Mr. Irving is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back-parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year. He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck: but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his 'three-score years and ten.'

"His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"'Some writers,' said he, 'appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe—but with this difference: Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember,' said he, 'taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Lord Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well one time as at another. But,' said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, 'Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read.'

"He mentioned that while living in Paris he went a long period without being able to write. 'I sat down repeatedly,' said he, 'with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on the paper. At length I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon, when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks.'

"I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy; he replied, 'Bracebridge Hall.'

"'None of your works,' I remarked, 'are more charming than the Biography of Goldsmith.'

"'Yet that was written,' said he, 'even more rapidly than the other.' He then added:

"'When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read.'

"Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave!

"'When I was in Spain,' he remarked, 'searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.'

"He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work the product was worthless, and he invariably threw it away and began again; 'for,' as he observed, 'an essay or chapter that has been only hammered out is seldom good for any thing. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled. These are his precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come let him make the most of them.'

"On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of Scott and his Contemporaries. I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone.'

"'Are the portraits good?' I inquired.

"'Scott's head,' he replied, 'is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart,' said he, 'was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture.'

"'You should write one more book,' I hinted.

"'What is that?'

"'Your reminiscences of those literary friends.'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it is too late now. I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends' letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!'

"He referred to the visit, a week before, from Mr. Willis, whose letter he had just been reading in the *Home Journal*.

"'I am most glad,' said he, 'that Mr. Willis remembered my nieces; they are my housekeepers and nurses; they take such good care of me that really I am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world! Yes,' he repeated, with a merry emphasis, 'the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world!'

"It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his gratitude, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants—gave him his medicines at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself—called him down to breakfast—cloaked and shawled him for his morning ride—brought him his hat for his fine weather walks—and in every possible way humored him in every possible whim.

"'I call them sometimes my nieces,' he said, 'but oftener my daughters.'

"As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note, printed in large letters, with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write! He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. 'Children,' said the old man, 'are great pets: I am very fond of the little creatures.'

"The author's study—into which I looked for a few moments before leaving—is a small room, almost entirely filled by the great writing-table and the lounge behind it. The walls are laden with books and pictures, which evidently are rearranged every day by some delicate hand; for none of the books were tumbled into a corner, and no papers were lying loose upon the table. The pen, too, was laid precisely parallel to the edge of the ink-stand—a nicety which only a womanly housekeeper would persevere to maintain! Besides, there was not a speck of dust upon carpet or cushion!"

A writer in the *Times* thus describes his last hours:

"During the morning of Monday he walked out to his garden, a short distance from the house, and gave some instructions to his gardener. He also gave instructions to the carpenters who were employed in making some alterations in his library. He did not ride out during the day, as was his custom, but as he made no complaint of feeling more indisposed than usual, the omission was not thought by his family to arise from any alarming conditions. He dined with the family about four o'clock, and after dinner proposed that they should spend the evening in amusement, conversation, and reading. In addition to the regular members of the family, consisting of Ebenezer Irving, the brother of the deceased, with his three daughters, and Pierre M. Irving, a nephew, with his wife, another nephew, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, of New Brighton, Staten Island, the literary executor of the deceased, was also present, having accidentally come up from Staten Island that day. The evening was spent according to the proposal of Mr. Irving, and excepting an occasional reference to his difficulty of breathing, none of the party appeared more cheerful, or a more gratified sharer of the enjoyment than he. In the intervals of conversation he glanced over the pages of several books that lay on the centre-table, and the last book he is believed to have opened was Lieutenant Page's 'History of the Paraguay Expedition.' About 10½ o'clock he rose to retire, and taking his leave of the company, he ascended the stairs alone to his bedroom. While upon the steps he met his nephew, Rev. Mr. Irving, coming down, holding in his hand a needle for sewing manuscripts. Mr. Irving accosted him in a playful manner, saying: 'Why, Pierre, what are you doing with a needle?' and passed on to his room. These were the last words he ever uttered. One of his nieces, Miss Sarah Irving, had preceded him to his room, and when he entered she was engaged in arranging his books so that they would be convenient of access in his hours of wakefulness during the night. While engaged in this duty, she was startled by a noise as of some one choking, and turning round she saw Mr. Irving press his left hand to his heart and fall forward. He caught hold of a table, in falling, and gradually sank down on the floor. The noise was heard in the parlor below, and in a moment every member of the household was around him, but before any of them reached him he had ceased to breathe. Supposing that he had fainted, efforts were made by the family to revive him, and, meanwhile, Dr. Caruthers and Mr. George D. Morgan, a near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Irving, were sent for. On the arrival of the Doctor, he made an examination of the body and announced that life was extinct."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS meets next week, and, as usual, men of property are uneasy on the subject. Judging from the newspapers, one might fairly expect a dissolution of the Union before the end of the session. We do not look for that event quite so soon.

It is probable that the Republicans will control the House of Representatives. They do not possess a clear majority, but with the aid of a few stray Americans and Douglas Democrats they would do so, and these can be had. It seems to be supposed in some quarters in the South that the supremacy of the Republican party will naturally lead to a ferocious attack on the vested rights of the Southern States. We confess that we do not look for any thing of the kind. It is quite likely that a large number of very severe speeches will be made against slavery by Northern members. But while the Southern delegations are foaming with rage at them, the chances are that various money bills and nice private jobs will be quietly smuggled through; after which it is likely that the Northern members will be found less uncompromising on the subject of slavery. Poor John Brown will doubtless be a staple topic; but, if the honest men are not sharp, he will serve as a cover for grants of various kinds, and in the fury of sectional strife Congressional rogues will reap a handsome harvest.

As to disunion, both parties know too much for any thing of the kind. Party newspapers in both sections, seeking to curry favor with the masses by the expression of extreme views, prate about dissolving the Union; but the military force which quelled the Harper's Ferry émeute—twelve United States marines—is quite sufficient to keep the real disunionists in check wherever they appear. Whatever people may think, the destinies of this nation are not yet at the mercy of a few country editors.

The practical questions which will be brought before Congress next session relate to the tariff and the banks. We are led to believe that the President will recommend such an alteration in the tariff as will enable him to pay off all the Treasury notes, and perhaps a part of the loan of 1858, before he retires from office. It is not likely that Congress will act upon any such suggestion. The revenue at present is, or ought to be, in excess of the expenditure; and it is better to pay off our debts by practicing economy than by adding to the taxes. It is also likely that the President will reiterate his recommendation of a bankrupt law for banks and other corporations. We sincerely trust that something will be done on this subject. The banks, as well in this as in the sister cities (with the single exception of New Orleans), are at present administered in a reckless manner, with a short-sighted view to dividends alone. Their alternate expansion and contraction exercise an unwholesome and perturbating influence on trade. They expand when expansion is not required by the commercial interests of the country, entering into an insane competition with private lenders; and they contract when the commerce of the United States really requires assistance. They brought on the crisis of 1857 by their unwise policy; and since the extrajudicial and illegal conduct of the courts relieved them from the penalties of a suspension of specie payments they have become still bolder and more reckless. It is now clearly the duty of Congress to place some check on their career, and to provide a guarantee against fresh suspensions. The bankrupt law recommended by the President would attain the end desired.

These are the really momentous measures which will be brought before Congress. It remains to be seen whether the slavery discussion and the private jobs will leave room for their proper ventilation. The experience of the coming session will afford a fair test of the amount of disinterested virtue and practical patriotism which are still to be found among our public men.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

OUR readers are aware that a controversy, somewhat painful in some of its relations, has existed for many years with regard to the authorship of Washington's Farewell Address. We are happy to state that the question is decisively treated, and the controversy we trust forever ended, by Mr. Horace Binney's "Inquiry into the Formation of Washington's Farewell Address" (Philadelphia, 1859, 8vo).

Whether Washington had or had not the aid of Hamilton in the preparation of the Farewell Address is a question, in itself, of no *moral* importance. But the unfortunate way in which it has been treated has given it a gravity quite apart from its intrinsic interest; for, as Mr. Binney remarks in his preface, the composition of the Address has been regarded "by some persons either as an unsupported pretension on the side of Hamilton, or as an assistance which he should have taken effectual means to conceal forever; and by others, as a transcript by Washington, with a view to unneedful honor, of what another had written, fundamental or guiding thoughts and all." But while the bearing of the question upon the honor of these two great names is, at present, its most important feature, its decision has, besides, a definite historical value, which must come more prominently into view as the personal imputations, or rather insinuations, which first suggested the "Inquiry," sink into forgetfulness.

Mr. Binney's "Inquiry" is conducted throughout with rare critical acuteness, and with a still rarer impartiality. He treats the question as a judge, not as an advocate. The dignity and elevation of his tone in stating and deciding the case, are only excelled by his tenderness and delicacy toward all the parties, dead or living, who may in any way be concerned in the solution of the question. Having under his eye documents unknown to Mr. Jay and to Mr. Sparks, he is able to show, without in the slightest degree reflecting upon the judgment or honesty of those distinguished men, that their conclusions necessarily partook of the imperfection of their data.

The case may be briefly summed up as follows: In 1792 Washington, intending to withdraw from office at the close of his first term, decided to state this purpose, and its grounds, in a "Farewell Address." On the 20th of May he requested Madison to prepare the paper, and suggested certain "topics" which, "among others," might "be observed." Mr. Madison, accordingly, drew up a brief paper, which is still in existence. Washington, however, at that time gave up his purpose of abandoning public life. Four years later he renewed it, and, with it, the plan of an address. He prepared a "draft" of such an address himself, and showed it to Hamilton, in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1796, requesting him to "*redress*" it. On May 10th Hamilton wrote to Washington, asking a copy of the paper, as it would need to be "much at leisure touched and retouched." On the 15th Washington sent it, authorizing Hamilton, if he "should think it best," even "to throw the whole into a different form." On the 30th of July Hamilton sent an address, drawn up by himself, embodying all the views suggested by Washington with great care, and adopting his very words as much as possible, but giving a new and much extended *plan* to the paper. On the 10th August he sent back Washington's own draft, carefully revised. On the 25th Washington wrote to Hamilton, stating his adoption of the new draft (Hamilton's), and requesting him to "re-examine," and return it as soon as possible. On the 5th of September Hamilton returned it, with a few alterations. The "Farewell Address," as now known to the world, was signed by Washington on the 17th of September, and was published on the 19th.

Mr. Binney gives the correspondence and "drafts" in full, with a minute and exhaustive analysis of every part of them, so far as it bears upon the question. His conclusion is that "Washington was undoubtedly the original designer of the Farewell Address, not merely by general intimation, but by the suggestion of perfectly definite subjects, of an end or object, and of a general outline, the same which the paper now exhibits." The Address "speaks the very mind of Washington; the fundamental thoughts and principles were his; but he was not the composer or writer of the paper. . . . The new plan, the different form, proceeded from Hamilton. He put together the thoughts of Washington in a new order, and with a new bearing; and while, as often as he could, he used the words of Washington, his own language was the general vehicle, both of his own thoughts and for the expansion and development of Washington's thoughts. . . . But no *Iconoclastes* has appeared, or ever can appear, to break or mar the image and superscription of Washington, which it bears, or to sully the principles of moral and political action in the government of a nation which are reflected from it with his entire approval, and were, in fundamental points, dictated by himself."

The public mind, we think, will rest in this conclusion. We thank Mr. Binney, not only for his calm investigation and conclusive settlement of a question about which a needless and annoying controversy had arisen, but also for the beautiful illustrations which his book affords of the inner feelings and relations between the two wisest names in American history, Washington and Hamilton. Each knew his own worth and wisdom; but each knew still better those of the other. Where either recognized the other's superiority, he leaned upon it with unqualified trust, but with no abatement of self-respect or dignity. Hamilton's cast of mind of studies made him far more the literary man; the accidents and exigencies of his life made him far more the politician than Washington ever was. Washington knew all this; and hence sought and used Hamilton's aid with the utmost freedom whenever his literary or political talent was needed in the public service. The extent to which he depended upon Hamilton in these respects is well known to all who have investigated the matter. Nothing can be more absurd than to consider the fact any disparagement to the greatest name in the history of mankind. This is to estimate Washington by a standard of which he knew nothing. As if he, whose single and lofty aim it was to shape his administration for the best good of the country, had any of the petty vanities of "literary authorship!" Hamilton's aid was rendered freely, always with a just apprehension of the relations between him and his great chief, and always with the strict regard to delicacy and honor which was characteristic of his noble nature. He was a coadjutor in the building up of an empire, not of a literary reputation. Statesmen, on whose acts a nation's welfare and the world's future turns, have no time or thought to waste in adjusting, either for themselves or for posterity, "the credit of a composition" to which they have contributed together.

OUR TREATY WITH CHINA.

THE State Department informs us, through an authorized organ, that the United States treaty with China is all that could be wished, and that the English stories about its imperfections and shortcomings are false. We shall be better able to judge of the truth or falsehood of the assertion when the ratified treaty is before us. In the mean time, the letter from our artist-correspondent, which we lay before our readers in this number, will enable every one to judge of the measure of respect and civility awarded to our representative by the government officials of China. It seems that our countrymen traveled to Pekin, if not in a box, in several boxes, at imminent risk to life and limb; that if not prisoners, their outgoing, their incoming, and their resting on the way were regulated by a Chinese official; that, at Pekin, they were practically prisoners, denied every means of traveling round the city, and confined to their court-yard and square house; that, finally, Mr. Ward was not permitted to see the Emperor of China, or to approach any nearer toward regular diplomatic intercourse than his predecessors had done before him.

This, it must be admitted, is not very encouraging. If our neutrality is only going to secure us benefits of this kind, it is not worth much. If, when a friendly American wants to visit the court to which he is accredited, he is to be caged in carts without springs, to be hurried in vilely-smelling junks, and over vilely-paved roads, at the will of a mandarin, to the Chinese capital; if there he is to be immured in a sort of a Chinese prison, and hustled out of the city as soon as a pretext for his expulsion can be found, one is curious to know what will be the treatment of the enemies of China!

The simple fact is, the Chinese have no idea whatever of our modes of dealing, and not the faintest notion of fairness in political transactions. Their ignorance is so great that they do not in the least appreciate the value of friendly intercourse with any foreign nation. All foreigners they despise equally; like blind men with colors, they do not care to and can not discriminate between the barbarians who seek them for purposes of trade. They have tolerated the entry of foreign vessels at their ports because experience has taught them that to exclude them would involve wars, which they dread. But foreign ships and foreign men are only just suffered at the Chinese ports because the Chinese conclude that they can not help themselves. As to privileges beyond those which force exacts, China will grant none. Mandarins sign treaties, and, like the British treaty of 1846, do not even take the trouble to send them to Pekin; and mandarins escort embassadors to the capital, but when the latter have got there, they find that, so far as practical results are concerned, they might as well have staid at home. Every kind of subterfuge and trick is freely used to defeat the objects of the Christian nations which seek intercourse with China. Promises, bargains, covenants, and treaties—all are profusely tendered by the Chinese, and all are equally valueless.

We still adhere to the opinion that there exists no substantial cause of war with China. We have no grievances to set forth; nothing has occurred which would justify the United States Executive in incurring the great expense of a Chinese war. But it is well that the public should bear in mind that the great problem as to the right of a nation to shut itself out from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world remains yet to be solved, not only with regard to Japan, but with China also. Mr. Ward's treaty will probably be found to be not worth the paper it is written on. Our trade with China will continue to be carried on, as heretofore, under cover of British guns, until further lessons initiate the Chinese into our methods of national dealing. We submit that, during this probationary period, decency should dictate moderation in our abuse of our protectors, the English.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AURORA AUSTRALIS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

UNITED STATES STEAMER "LEVANT,"
PANAMA, *Nov.* 17, 1859.

HAVING observed in the *Weekly* of 1st October a notice of the very general appearance of a beautiful aurora borealis in the northern hemisphere about the 1st of September, I presumed you would be pleased to receive the following notice, both on your own account, as taking an interest in every thing beautiful and strange in nature, and on account of the scientific world, that might derive a hint therefrom. At about 1 A.M., September 2, being then in lat. 50° S., long. 78° W., a most beautiful aurora australis was observed from the deck of this ship. In the words of the officer of the watch, who observed it at its commencement, it "extended from southeast to southwest, with an altitude of about 35°. It shone with a fiery red light, sending up rays of a paler red, until gradually the whole heavens were vailed in a cloud of fiery crimson, which continued for the remainder of the watch." The weather at the time was squally, with occasional flurries of snow and hail; atmosphere hazy; thermometer in air, 37°; barometer, 29·50 inches, and rising; attd. thermometer, 72°. This is the only occasion upon which we saw this beautiful phenomenon. At the north, you say it was seen on several successive nights. Was the electricity, if such it is, first gendered or evolved at the southern pole, to be drawn toward and garnered up at the northern one? You do not give the date upon which it was first seen at the north, but I think it must have appeared first to us. If the apparently two phenomena were really but one, how long did it take for this vast electric wave to travel from our position to Quebec—a distance of say 6000 miles? It came up to us from the south at 1 A.M., September 2; when did they first see it at Quebec?

S——.

THE LOUNGER.

ITINERANTS.

IT is a capital story which is told of Dr. Johnson's promenade through Billingsgate, where he made the fish-women furious by calling them various parts of speech. "Woman, you are a noun—an adjective—an irregular, intransitive verb. By Heavens! woman, you are a mere interjection, or even adverb."

Such rage was never known in Billingsgate before, and the lexicographer had new illustrations of the power of words.

The story is told afresh very often and very amusingly. Thus the Lyceum or lecture system, which is now one of the institutions of the country, apparently produces profound pain in the minds of some observers; and a pain which is soothed by calling the lecturers hard names. They are "superficial," "crude," "indigested," "unsafe," "untimely," "speculative," "shallow," "meretricious," "dangerous," and "infidel" people; but above all, they are *itinerants.* The indignation which the lecturers inspire does not fully relieve itself until it has called them peripatetics and *itinerants.* "An itinerant lecturer peddling his wares"— Can the imagination figure any thing more contemptible?

Well, there is no escaping it. They *do* "peddle their wares." Nobody else does, of course. Editors don't, who issue newspapers at two cents a copy. Clergymen don't, who are regularly paid for regular preaching. Merchants don't, who sell boxes of tea and bales of cotton. Lawyers don't, who sell opinions and pleas. None of these respectable people "peddle their wares." They supply a natural demand.

Then the lecturers *are* itinerants. They do travel from place to place. Nobody else does, of course. Bishops are not itinerants, incessantly journeying through their dioceses. Lawyers are not, traveling the circuit. Clergymen are not, accepting calls here and there wherever a church wishes to hear them. It is only your genuine Lyceum lecturer who is an itinerant peddler of his wares.

Itinerant, gentle Sir or Madame, means traveler. When the Great Teacher said to his disciples, "Go ye into all lands and preach the Gospel," he instituted itinerancy. When Ignatius Loyola founded the Order of Jesuits, he did not forget the wisdom that had provided for the dissemination of the truth; and when John Wesley made his Methodist dissent, he sagaciously established itinerancy. Read Mr. Milburn's book, if you want to know what itinerants of that kind are. So the English Church, in its system of Episcopal visitation, adopts another form of itinerancy; which is supported by the union of Christian sects in the missionary system to the heathen.

Let us all hope, therefore, that to be an itinerant is not necessarily to be an atheist nor a pickpocket. Let us hope that if a man has said a good or wise word in New York, he is not altogether an incendiary, a knave, and idiot, if he accepts an invitation to go to Boston or Philadelphia—to Dubuque or to Lawrence—to repeat it, and be paid for his trouble and time. Why, after all, an editor who says something worth saying in his morning paper in New York (and it always *is* worth saying, because it is always true, and good-tempered, and humane; entirely free from personal or partisan prejudice, and not in the least superficial, crude, speculative, or shallow)—when an editor does this, he sells the saying to every hearer in Iowa and New England who chooses to buy, at the rate of three or four cents a hearer. The difference between him and a lecturer is, that he peddles his wares without seeing his customers or the country they live in.

It ought to be a great comfort to such a stay-at-home itinerant—a kind of paralyzed peripatetic, so to say, whose wares itinerate, but whose self stays at home—that the Lyceum has been gradually weeded, by popular preference from year to year, until there are left mainly the speakers who are sure to co-operate with the aforesaid stay-at-home peripatetics in the great cause of human justice and of divine truth, which are so precious to them. Surely it ought to be cause of thanksgiving to the peddlers who sell their wares at home—not for their own advantage, oh no! but for the good of their fellow-men—that those who peddle abroad are equally interested in benefiting their fellow-creatures. As in Wesley's church, both the stationary and traveling preachers teach the same essential truth, so is it with the newspaper and the lyceum—with the editor and the lecturer. The great Public is the customer of both. The popular heart weighs the words of each; and if one gives light, short weight, that heart will not ask whether he were itinerant or staid at home. It will gazette him as bankrupt in the respect and confidence of good men.

PALMER'S WHITE CAPTIVE.

No: it is not she, it is we who are captive. Faithful, heroic, womanly character conquers us again in art, as it conquers so constantly in life. With womanly pride, half-turned—modesty, not courage, abashed—she looks with perplexed, appealing, pathetic, incredulous eyes, and sees no hope in human hands, but stands victorious in purity, in spiritual power.

This noble work of Palmer's is full of positive, not negative, womanly character. It is not a frightened fawn; it is a woman challenging her fate, and superior while suffering. The womanly soul can neither be outraged nor slain, whatever chances, and the figure shows it. The suffering is not animal apprehension, it is human prescience. But the soul, serenely regnant, plants the body in virgin repose, while it scans through the troubled eyes the approach of danger. What victory in the firm figure! What superb disdain in the clasped hand behind!

This statue is an entirely, characteristically, modern work. The inspiration of Greek sculpture is ideal emotion. It is not individual, but symbolical. It is not even an individual treated as a representative; but it avoids individuality, and tries to express abstract combination and perfection of qualities. But art, following the development of the Christian principle both in religion and society, finds the individual the type of the whole. "Whoso doeth it unto the least of these my little ones doeth it unto me." So this single, nameless woman, borne off captive in some wild Indian rush upon some frontier Wyoming valley, touches individual sympathy, and, like every individual in life, reveals the power and the human dignity of all women.

Page's Venus—so poetic, so lovely—is a work of the most ancient, classic, historic art; and so we said that it had no sign of any date later than three centuries ago. It is not a woman, but a goddess; an ideal embodiment of womanliness. The White Captive is an individual woman, with an individual story; not ideally perfect, but individually and characteristically beautiful. The face is not a conventional mask, set to an abstract expression—it is sensitive with feeling. The hair is not ideally parted. Look at it: it is not evenly balanced from the middle.

Is it a fact of no meaning that neither the painter of the Heart of the Andes nor the sculptor of the White Captive have ever been over the sea to study classic art?

IN RE SOLDIERS.

Two books of two heroes, one very famous, the other little known, have lately been published, and are both richly worth reading. One is a life, and the other an episode; the Life of General Jackson by Mr. Parton, whose Life of Burr is, doubtless, the most successful biography ever published in this country; and Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India.

Now a mere soldier is not a very high type of man. He is a person in whom the higher attributes reinforce the lower. Foresight, calmness, intellectual superiority, and power strain themselves to make the animal qualities more available. A soldier is a gun multiplied by human intelligence into a battery. Military genius is the skillful application of intellectual power to the most absolute physical coercion of men. It may operate by means of mental impressions, as where a line of battle is so displayed or fortifications are so constructed that the enemy is conquered before a blow is struck or a life lost. But the end is the same. The result is not wrought by reason. It is the victory of a cat over a mouse. It is not a victory like that of Columbus, or Galileo, or Jenner.

This conviction is the secret of our popular satisfaction with Washington. His military success was episodical. He was not a soldier, merely or essentially. His soldiering, in fact, does not seem to have been so much a special military endowment as the application of ordinary good sense to war; which is not always true of great soldiers or fighters. It certainly was not of Nelson, nor of Wellington. Nor was it of Alexander the Great, or Hannibal, or Napoleon. For the empires of these men were only permanent camps. They appeared always at the head of troops in the insignia of Generals. Their civic administrations were conducted upon military principles.

Hence none of them lasted. And Rome did not last. And no nation ever will, where a military chief or class becomes absolute ruler. For the principle of human progression must always imply the constant subjection of the lower traits to the higher, and not the assistance of them by the higher.

TWO HEROES.

THE preceding thoughts are suggested by the life of any military man however disinterested and able. Among such in our later history no one was more conspicuous or attained a greater popularity than Andrew Jackson. Upon the character and claims of no man in our history were opinions more fiercely divided than upon his. He was either a brute, a madman, and a fool, or he was gifted with the most profound political sagacity and indomitable energy. If a man believed in the United States Bank, General Jackson was a villain and a despot. If he were opposed to a bank, Jackson was a statesman and patriot.

The din and dust of the great Jackson debate have pretty much passed away in the discussion of graver questions. But the interest in that remarkable figure of our history is hardly less fresh than ever, and Mr. Parton's work, of which only the first volume is issued, bringing the memoir down to a date just before the battle of New Orleans, is the more valuable because our great men have not been altogether fortunate in their biographical representations. Until Irving's there was no very satisfactory life of Washington. There is none yet of Hamilton. Mr. Randall writes the story of Jefferson with almost too much fervor. Mr. Rives's "Madison" does not serve the purpose. Mr. Adams's Life and Works of his grandfather is invaluable as a repository of revolutionary and early political lore, but it is a cyclopedia.

If we may judge from the first large, fair volume of the "Life of Andrew Jackson," Mr. Parton is doing his work with an impartiality, copiousness, fidelity, and fascination of narration, which will make it at once popular with the general reader and satisfactory to the political student. The subject is full of romantic and picturesque incident; but the biographer uses his literary art to set the material skillfully, yet with perfect honesty, neither inventing nor concealing. He has not made up his mind in advance that Jackson was a hero, and so given a heroic aspect to every thing he said or did. But he lays all the evidence before us, carefully sifted, justly relying upon the intrinsic interest of the theme, and leaves every reader to judge for himself. This candor is a rare charm in biographical treatment. The principle with biographers generally seems to be that, if a man's life is worth writing at all, it is because the man was deserving of unvarying praise.

The story of Jackson's childhood and early border life; of his lawyering in Tennessee; his marriage; his Dickinson duel; his Benton fray; the Creek war; and the march into Florida and Louisiana, is the substance of the first volume. The narration is flowing and charming. We confess having read the whole in two prolonged sittings. The image left upon the mind is that of a rough, irascible, willful man; born for the border; sagacious, unflinching; his impatience tempered with prudence; ignorant, but of strong good sense; all of these qualities making him an admirable partisan, Indian soldier, but without that personal magnetism which we call geniality; and thus far in the story with no evidence of any thing more than executive, not yet of political administrative, talent.

As he advances, Mr. Parton will tread more dangerous and delicate ground, but there need be no fear that his foot will falter.

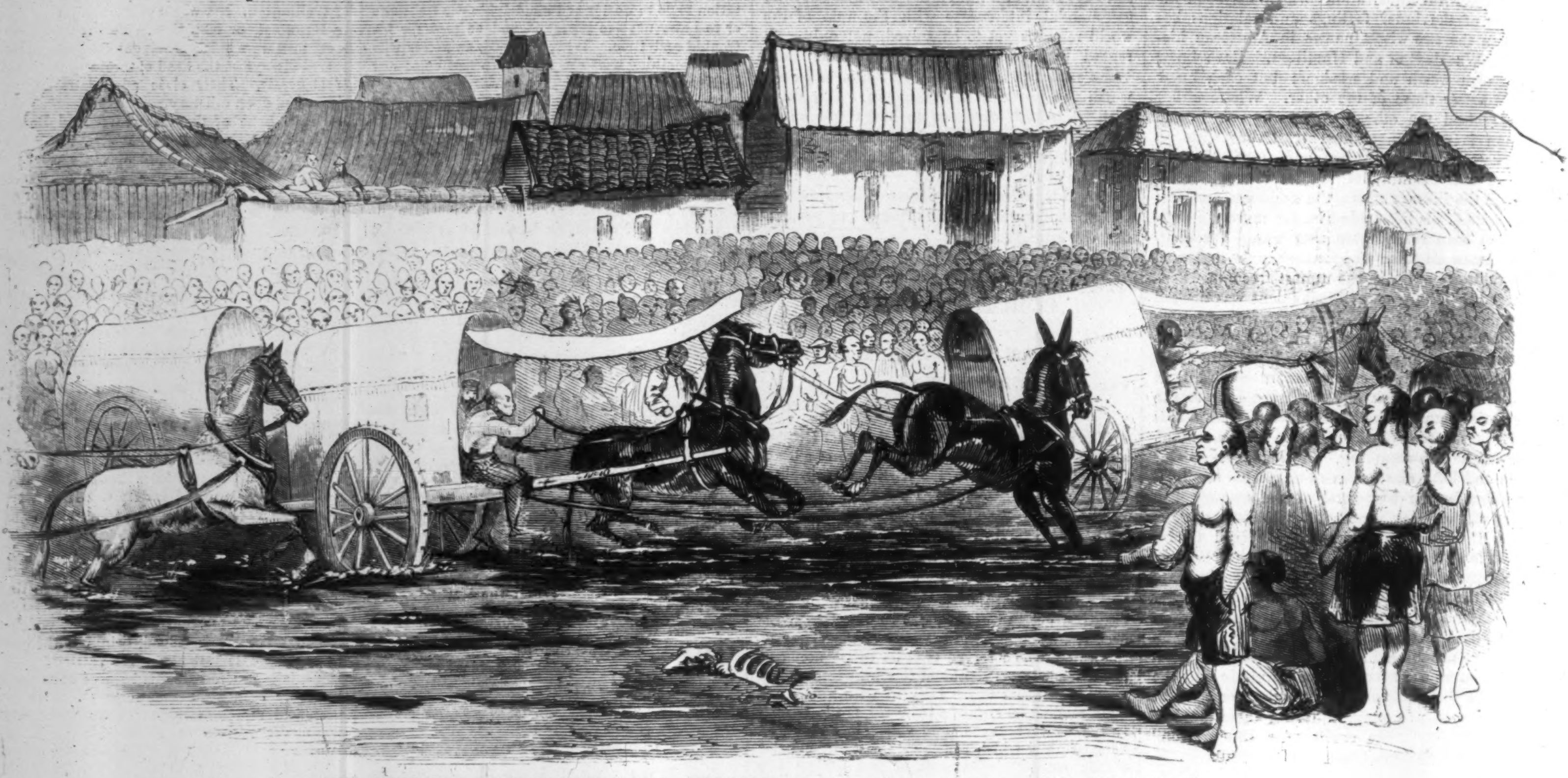
The other work is a collection of letters written by Major Hodson, a young English-Indian officer during the Sikh and Sepoy wars. Major Hodson was the man who captured the King of Delhi, and shot his two sons, the princes, with his own hand. He was a Rugby boy, and an Oxonian; and as brave a soldier as ever fought. He flashes and dashes across the field like a Paladin, like a Murat; the very incarnation of British pluck. Faithful, generous, affectionate, fearless, his letters are by far the best history of the war, and a living picture of the best kind of English soldier. They also show the miserable military system of England, which would have inevitably lost India, except for the individual valor of the Englishmen, who had to fight not only with the Sepoys but with the old grannies of their own army.

Mr. Hughes in an introduction, and the Reverend brother of Major Hodson, who edits the book, speak a good deal of "the Christian soldier." Now that a man is not necessarily inhuman because he is a soldier is true, but that because he is a brave man, thwacking and hacking and shooting right and left, for the honor of England and the supremacy of Britain in India, and is a generous fellow, also, that he is therefore a "Christian" soldier, does not so plainly appear. He is a civilized man, instead of a barbarian, fighting. But he tries just as hard as the barbarian to slay and disable. What is the "Christian" part of the killing and wounding?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A. PHOOLE. In Spanish the word Quixote is pronounced Keehotay. In English it is pronounced as it is spelled.

—The name "Mrs. Grundy" is taken from a farce in which Liston used to play, and in which there is the same constant reference to her opinion which is observed in another farce in which we all play.



THE AMERICAN MINISTER STARTING FOR PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PEKIN, *July* 28, 1859.

A MONTH since, while anchored off the Pei-ho River, in the *Powhatan*, I sent you an illustrated account of the battle of the Pei-ho. At that time we saw no prospect of either us or the English reaching this city, but fortune favored "the star-spangled banner," and smiles upon us now as we "live and move and have our being" in the great capital of the great empire of the world. We arrived yesterday; and I am now writing this letter from our comfortable quarters in the eastern section of "the old city," knowing that it will be one of the few accounts ever cast upon the sea of Western literature from this secluded and seldom visited centre of Chinese power. It is something unusual to be able to say, "I am writing a letter from Pekin;" and should the reader be disappointed, as the writer has been, he must take this fact into consideration. I am simply anxious to show what we ourselves have seen—to show Pekin *as it really is,* so far as our limited means for observation enable me to.

Ours is the third party speaking English that has ever visited this place. In 1795 an English embassy, headed by Lord Macartney, the Governor-General of India, was received; and in 1816 a second, in charge of Lord Amherst, followed. Now, in 1859, comes an *American* embassy, headed by the Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia.

The morning of the 20th instant saw us land at Pei-tang, where we were received with all honor by our escort, and where we saw thirty covered carts for our individual transportation, and about half the number of wagons for that of our baggage. Though having just breakfasted before leaving the *Toey-wan,** we were now conducted into a comfortable and airy room, where refreshments in the shape of tea and cakes were pressed upon us, and where we asked questions relating to our journey while the baggage was being transferred to the wagons. We started finally at 7.20 A.M.; cool weather, overcast sky, and a strong breeze blowing from the southeast. Had it not been for this overcast weather I do not know what we should have done in the strong and well-built, but miserably uncomfortable covered carts, drawn by two mules, and insanely termed "chariots," through some unnatural distortion of Chinese perceptions. Before getting into "chariot No. 10," which had been especially designated as the one to do the jolting for my particular self, I stopped to admire (?) it. And I want the reader to do the same thing now. Here it stands, body, wheels, the number on the shaft in both Chinese and English, shafts, mules, and thin celestial driver, *en masse.* Being of such uncomfortably simple construction, the artist has been able to produce a most truthful sketch.

Now the reader will observe that this "chariot," though unquestionably classical in this respect, is entirely innocent of springs. He will farther observe that the iron perimeters of the wheels are roughed with the heads of iron spikes, and that altogether it has a look suggestive of violent jolts, exclamations of pain, and unavailing efforts to protect one's bones by "holding on." Especially is this the case when one finds himself in company with such a vehicle at the wrong end of a very rough road, forty-five miles long, about as many broad, and from one to two feet deep. In short, when he sees an indefinite plain of mud extending out before him, over which he is to drive in search of the smoothest and most solid footing. I looked at this vehicle, reader, as you are now looking at it, and, in the words of the modern novelist, "looking I shuddered." I "shuddered" at its polished frame of hard and unyielding oak, at its cushionless and seatless bottom, at the right-angles and sharp corners of the interior, and at its generally solid and unspringy *tout ensemble.* Satisfied upon all of these points, I stopped "shuddering," and rubbed my own angles and corners, and wondered how black and blue they would all be the next morning. I don't know how long I might have looked at it in this way had I not been elbowed by my friend the Captain of Marines, with the accompanying exclamation:

"Come, No. 10, tumble in, and let No. 11 drive up!"

So I "tumbled in," and No. 11 drove up and received my suggestive friend, who did not seem more ready to "tumble in" than I had been. He was assisted in turn, however, by No. 12, who was subsequently indebted to No. 13 for a similar service; and so on down the entire line. The reader will observe that, like a certain class of society who are indebted to governments for shelter, food, raiment, and employment, we were dropping our names, and becoming known by our *numbers.* And indeed, from present appearances, we are being treated much more like favored prisoners than honored guests, as it is now nearly forty-eight hours since we have been confined to our walled residence. But to return to my narrative.

Fortunately some of us had ridden in these "chariots" before, and though taking it for granted that they would be well cushioned for so long a journey, we had nevertheless provided ourselves with pillows, blankets, etc., lest said cushions should prove thin. And now, as I look back to that ride, I feel confident that those articles stood between me and a violent death by jolting, and I shall always hereafter entertain a profound respect for blankets, pillows, and pea-jackets.

As the reader can see no door to this vehicle, he may perhaps be curious as to the mode of entering it. This was accomplished by an exercise of agility, which seated one upon the shaft, just over the number, with his legs hanging down, and with his back toward that of the chariot. Then said legs had to be lifted up until parallel with the shafts, thus producing a right-angle triangle with our bodies. Then using the *point* thus created as a pivot, we had to twist, and squirm, and lift ourselves from the floor by both hands, and strike our heads against the low roof, and resort to a great many other contortions of the body, while navigating backward to the friendly pillows. Of course most of these feats had to be gone over again when we got out; and this fact tended, in a great measure, to induce us to remain inside. After we had thus backed into our holes, our respective charioteers became agile in turn, ensconced themselves upon two-thirds of the front, and thus most effectually kept out all pure air, as well as two-thirds of the view. The Chinese, as a nation, are not remarkable for cleanliness of either person or habits, and experience has lately shown us that Chinese charioteers are not superior to the mass of their countrymen in this respect. The particular gentleman who had "No. 10" marked upon his vehicle was any thing but a pleasant neighbor. That delicate vegetable known to the Romans under the family name of "allium," and to market-women of the present day as "garlic," evidently entered largely into the composition of his food, and, indeed, constituted his entire diet, could one judge from the nature of the atmosphere which constantly surrounded him. The bowl of a very ancient pipe, projecting from the waist of his discolored trowsers, added variety to the prevailing scent, and, with said trowsers, constituted his attire. As regarded cold water in connection with his appearance, perhaps possibly he might have been kicked from his seat into a mud-puddle many years back, when first learning to drive, but he

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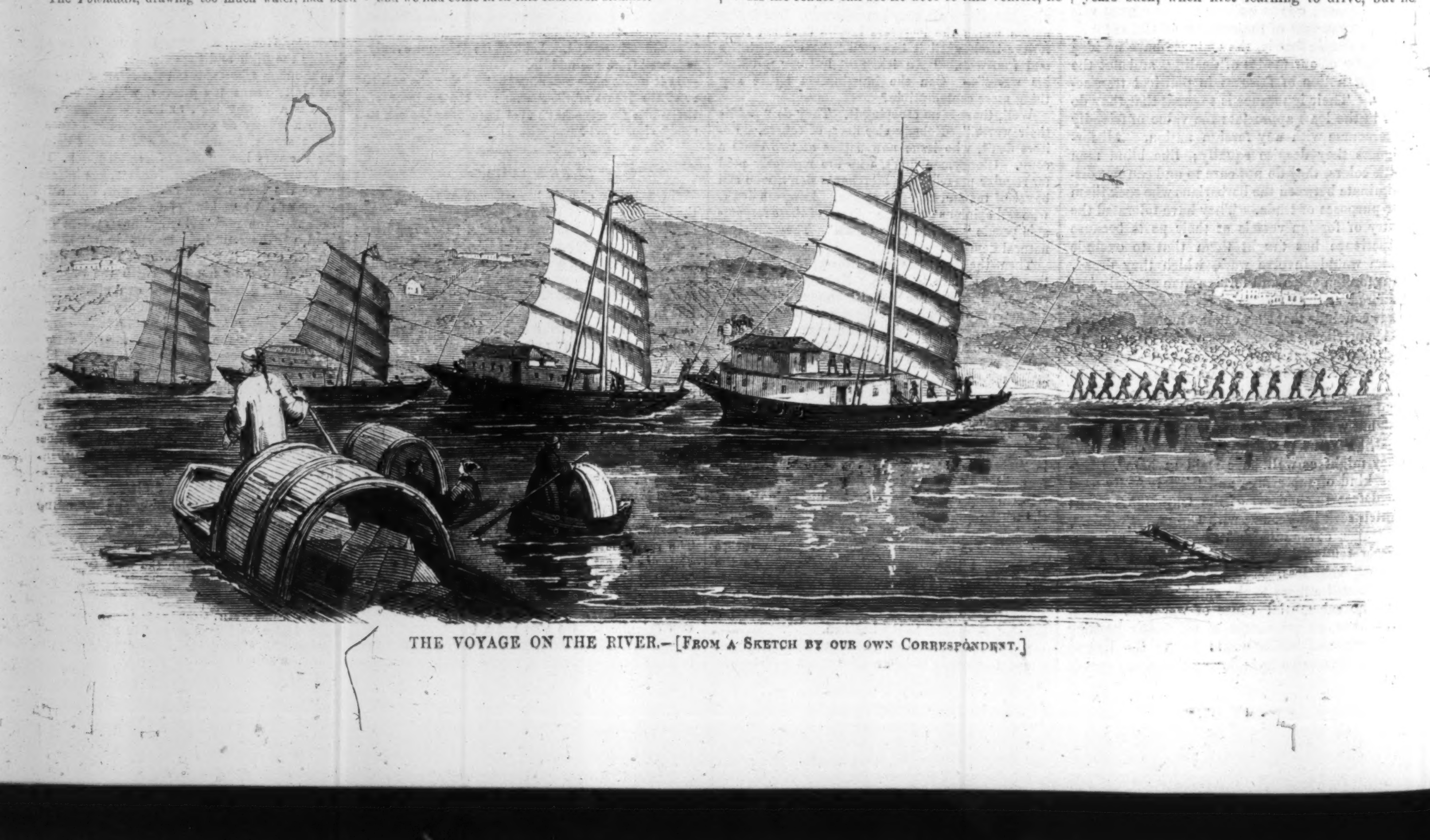
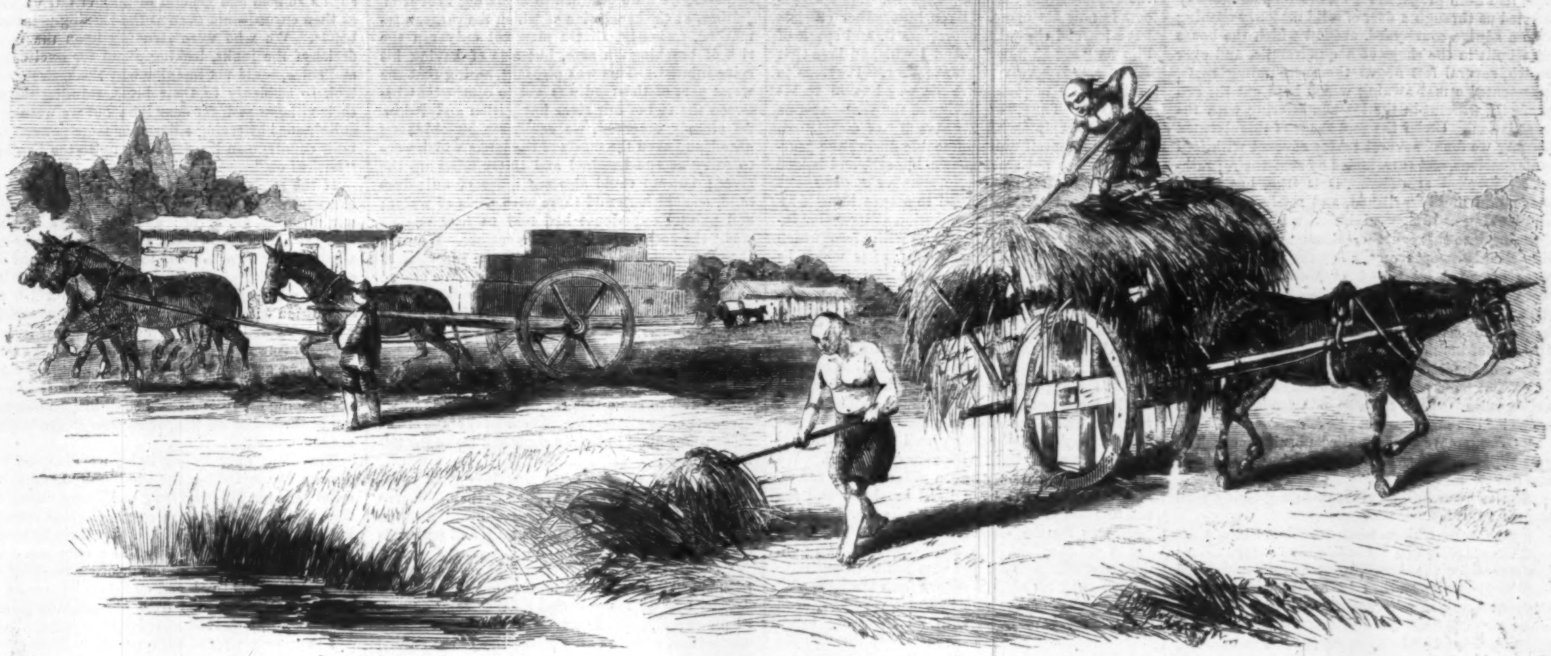
* The *Powhatan*, drawing too much water, had been left at anchor, ten or twelve miles away, the day before, and we had come in in this chartered steamer.



THE VOYAGE ON THE RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



SPECIMEN OF CHINESE COUNTRY CARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

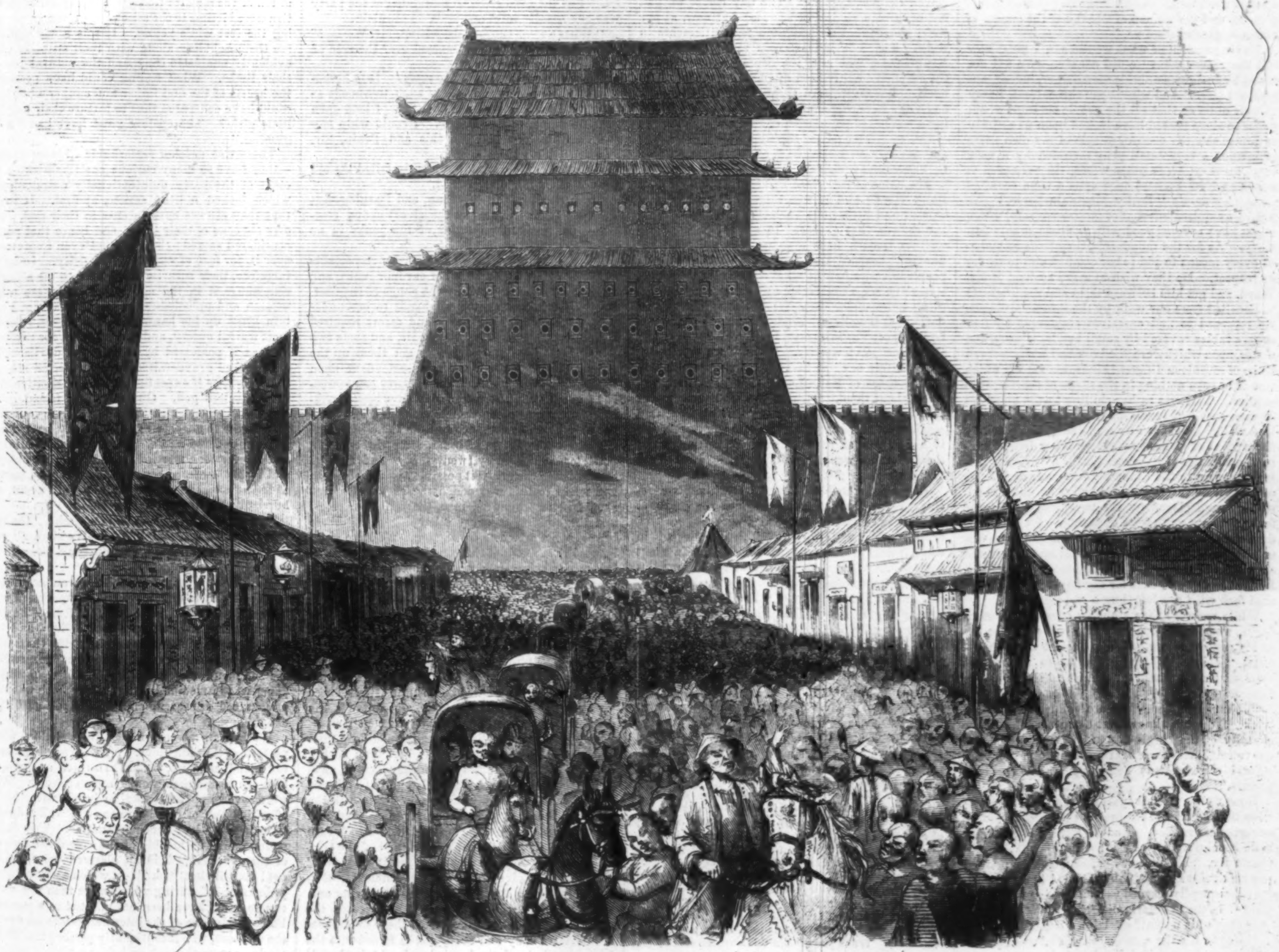
had certainly since that period conceived an insurmountable repugnance to every thing resembling that fluid. I think if I now had it in my power to repay him for all the unnecessary jolting to which he subjected me—through a chronic habit of falling asleep—I should put him daily under a shower of the most pure Croton. As it is, I am a Mexican dollar and a vast amount of pantomimic conversation out of pocket—money and gesticulation vainly expended in the hope of creating a feeling of gratitude which should keep him awake and steer "the chariot" over the smoothest roads.

And thus we started. Thirty or forty chariots in a string, dozens of mandarins capering up and down the line upon their ungroomed horses, baggage wagons bringing up the rear, and every other "leader" kicking up and facing in the opposite direction instead of going ahead. Charioteers using their long whips freely, victims being thrown up, down, backward, forward, to the right, and to the left; mud and muddy water flying, and the wind blowing half a gale. "Go it while you are young!" Were we not coming to Pekin?

As we were thus jolted out of Pei-tang we looked ahead as far as the eye could reach in a north-westerly direction, and saw nothing but one extended plain of mud, profusely sprinkled with pools of rain-water and conical piles of whitened mud. There was not even a blade of grass springing from this extensive and level surface of blue mud, nor could the strongest eye reach a tree or house between us and the distant horizon. It was all mud, nothing but blue mud, excepting in the case of "the whitened piles," which had themselves originally been blue, but which were then bleached by the wind and sun.

Four hours passed heavily enough, and brought us in sight of the village of Keun-Leang, where we were to dine and remain overnight to await the arrival of the more heavily ladened baggage wagons.

Arrived within hail of the stone entrance to the outer court of one of the houses of the village, where the chief mandarins of our escort were awaiting to chin-chin us at the moment of our arrival, we floundered through a heavy slough that covered the hubs, and ended the journey by pulling up with a jerk upon the first dry piece of ground that we had passed for some time. It seemed that "our escort" had taken care to retain for themselves the fastest teams, and thus was one or more of them always enabled to be in advance and pre-



MR. WARD AND HIS SUITE AT THE GATE OF PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

sent us familiar faces upon our arrival at the different stopping-places. In other words, some of them always acted the part of the "avant-courier"—clearing the track, and seeing that things generally were properly cared for.

With pain of limb, but pleasure of mind, we exerted ourselves and stood upon the dry ground. Of course the next thing to be done was to "shake ourselves," after which we returned the chin-chinning of our escort, and passed through a long-flagged passage-way, leading to a roomy one-story house that had been prepared for us. This passage-way carried us through a door of solid masonry opening into a square court-yard, around which the house was built in the shape of a quadrangle, and over which, several feet above the surrounding roofs, was tented a mat awning which kept out the sun perfectly without in the least interfering with the ventilation. Under the cool shade of this elevated awning we found several tables covered with iced water-melons, and surrounded by arm-chairs; rather stiff-backed arm-chairs, it is true, but nicely made, and highly polished, and softly cushioned, and looking as if they might last a hundred years. Opening into this court were several doors leading into cleanly-swept rooms, about the halves of which were occupied by raised platforms upon which were spread passably clean-looking mats. We first spread our bedding upon these, and then, against the advice of the surgeon, but following the lead of his assistant, marched gallantly to the attack of the iced melons.

"What have you all rigged your beds for?" queried a voice. "We can't be going to stay here all night! It's not noon yet!"

"Of course we are!" replied a bruised one; "do you suppose we have not had jolting enough for one day?"

And so we remained at Keun-Leang-Ching until the next sunrise.

Keun-Leang-Ching, when translated into a decent language, reads, "The dépôt where provisions are stored for the Army," but I could not learn that there were any then on hand, or indeed that there were any storehouses in which to store them when there were. Its dwellings were built of a mixture of mud and straw, some of them boasting stone or brick foundations, and all looking quite cool and excessively filthy. A vermin-covered population—usual in this country—of perhaps two thousand manages to witness the decay of a half-ruined temple to Buddha.

Between the iced melons and dinner several of us took a walk through some of the more pretending streets, and saw many of the "two thousand" in the shape of half-clothed men, nude boys, and, in the distance, horrible-looking objects that were said to be women. What a *splendid* sight is a well-formed, graceful, and well-dressed woman! What a *beautiful* sight is "the aged grandmother," with her white cap, outspread Bible, and gold spectacles moistened by the Christian's tear! But how revolting is woman when she comes before us clothed in both moral and physical deformity; a life-long stranger to cold water, and a piece of property that must be carefully watched by its owner to guard against deception. Add a large bag of rags to this picture, and the woman of China—of the masses of China—stands before us.

Having spoken of what we did see, I must now tell the reader what we did *not* see. We did not see at Keun-Leang a single scowling or, indeed, unpleasant face. And while upon this subject, I may as well observe that all the people through whom we have since passed have looked upon us exactly as I once saw the country people of my own State look upon a very small pony mounted by a very large monkey, or, in other words, they crowded to see us as New Yorkers once upon a time crowded to see Barnum's "Rocky Mountain horse." No feeling exhibited but that of *intense curiosity*, which might have covered good-will, or, again, innate hostility. As for the mandarins, they have exhausted every means to add to our comfort and to render us respect. Do they wish to make a friend of Mr. Ward, and get him between them and the English?

Recalled from our walk by the signal for dinner, we returned to find ourselves confronted by four square tables covered by small bowls, saucers, and plates, upon which were piled candied and preserved fruits of seventeen different kinds, but among which was to be seen nothing in the shape of meat or vegetables. This was rather chilling to the appetites of men who had lunched several hours back upon iced melons; but our alarm was soon dissipated by the arrival of at least seventeen other bowls, saucers, and plates of "the substantials." Every delicacy known to the Chinese gourmand, each in its own separate vessel, steamed before us, and "chopsticks" were placed by the two-pronged Chinese forks to tempt us to feats of daring. I wish it understood that it is not every one who can, even after long practice, handle those instruments without endangering the purity of white trowsers, and this I advance as an excuse for my having assisted the slim fork with my left thumb and forefinger.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, a mandarin, wearing an opaque white ball upon the top of his conical straw-hat, approached us with the usual "chin-chin," and gave us to understand by signs that it would please him to see us eating faster.

"John," I replied, "we are doing our best, old brick. You must know that there is a limit to the capacity of the Anglo-Saxon stomach. We can not conceal more than a gallon each, and there are several more gallons here than there are consumers."

Now, as this was all spoken in English, it is possible that he did not comprehend perfectly; but he nevertheless replied. And he replied by striking his left palm with his right fist and ejaculating emphatically, "Kil-ah-kow!" after which he pointed to a particular dish and said, "How! how!" which we subsequently learned was expressive of "Good! good!" in the mandarin dialect.

"That's his name!" exclaimed one of the party.

"Maybe it's the name of the dish," suggested a second, as he assailed it with fork and fingers. "Why, it is *beef!*" he exclaimed, after tasting it. "Who would have recognized it?"*

"Eh! eh! 'Kil-ah-kow!'" assented our friend, making a second dive into the left palm and then chin-chinning violently. He had, evidently, discovered that its nature was known, and we in turn comprehended the meaning of the exclamation, "Kil-ah-kow!" They had killed a cow for our express benefit, and that was the nearest he could approach the pronunciation.

"Suppose we dub him 'Kill-a-cow!'" suggested the explorer into the unknown dish. And Kill-a-cow is now his name. Even his brother officials have learned the joke, appreciate it, and speak of him as "Kil-ah-kow." And I will add here that Kill-a-cow is a very pleasant fellow. Previous to making our acquaintance he was known to his friends as "Tung," or, Spring of the year—a name quite in keeping with his vivacity of disposition. He made himself quite agreeable during the journey, but has not since shown himself, and indeed we have not seen a single member of our escort since our arrival. He used to amuse himself by getting off the familiar expression at irregular intervals, and striking his left palm with a force which might readily have killed a calf, after which he would point to some object and exclaim, "Name?" and in this way he picked up a good many words. Kill-a-cow also gave many evidences of being a wag—a Chinese wag. He was to be known by the twinkle of his fat-closed eyes, by his jovial and swaggering air, by the manner in which he created fun at the expense of his brother mandarins, and by the matter-of-course air with which this fun was received by his superiors in authority.

That night we slept very well at Keun-Leang, but got up at daylight with very sore bones. We had accomplished only fifteen miles the day before, and were now met by a light breakfast and the information that we had thirty miles (or ninety li) before us for the second day's work. Even our tough old chaplain, who weighs perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, and who had been partially protected by his *natural pillows* from the jolting of the first fifteen miles, now looked grave and rubbed his "natural pillows" with an inquiring hand. "Do you think you can see me safely through the day?" he seemed to be asking them. My envious eyes looked upon him with malignant gaze, and, for the first time in my life, I experienced a desire to weigh several pounds more than one hundred and thirty-eight. Breakfast over, we again started.

Our road now took us over a country the face of which began to be suddenly and profusely sprinkled with towns, villages, trees, fields, and gardens. No fences or hedges of any description were, however, to be seen, each farmer's lot seeming to be separated from those surrounding it by a simple ridge of raised earth—in no case more than a foot in height. Cattle were also seen browsing upon the native cane-like grass of the uncultivated tracts, and we wondered that they did not cross the low ridges and attack the corn and millet instead. Certainly the fact of their fore and hind legs, on one side, being hobbled together could not have prevented them. Perhaps they had "received their education." The day before we had not even seen an isolated house; but now, at one time, we counted no less than ten settlements in sight. The salt land seemed to have ended at Keun-Leang, and now the dense population and the extensive cultivation of China began to unfold itself. We must have sighted a hundred towns and villages during that ride of thirty miles, boasting a computed population of half a million.

Our road often passed through these settlements, and at 9.20 A.M. we halted in one of the larger ones for our second breakfast.

The name of this place was Si-Ti-To or Western Bank Head; and it was there that we first saw women and little girls fearlessly sprinkled among the crowds that gathered to see us. It may be well to remark here that we "Pekinites" were mostly "bearded like the Pard," whereas these people have no hair at all about the face. Sometimes you see a mustache, and again, a few straggling hairs under the ears; but the Chinese as a nation are beardless. And the same is characteristic of most Eastern races, I believe—hence one of their sources of wonder. Though we saw many of "the fair sex" at Si-Ti-To, they resembled so closely those of Keun-Leang that I shall say nothing about them. To us they were interesting as the first females who had approached us within reach of a ten-foot pole, but we took very good care to keep them at that distance. Between us and them distance was necessary to lend enchantment to the view.

Having devoted an hour to breakfast, we re-entered our chariots and continued the journey. At times we passed through living avenues of people, and at "cross-roads" they collected in dense masses of thousands to wonder at us in silent curiosity. Villages gave forth their entire population, and husbandmen deserted their hoes and farm-carts to get a closer view of "The Barbarians who were going to see the Emperor." Mothers held young ones aloft to let them see over the heads of those in front, and fathers led little daughters by either hand to guard them in case of sudden pressure.

Among other things which I saw to admire, during the second day's drive, was a farmer's cart, upon which was being piled some very fair-looking hay. Look at the sketch on the preceding page, and observe how very simple is its construction—particularly that of the wheels.

Any injury to such a vehicle might be repaired by the farmer himself with rough tools and without application to a wheel-wright. The wagons in which, or rather *on* which, our baggage was transported were not unlike these—"oil-paper" being at hand to protect their loads in case of a shower.

At 1 P.M. we had accomplished three-fourths of our journey, and arrived within five miles of the three towns of Ma-chi-tsang, Pei-tsang, and Si-tsang, situated upon the banks of the Pei-ho River, twelve miles above Tein-tsing, and terminating our chariot martyrdom. Before reaching them, however, we were destined to a parting benefit of jolting, at the conclusion of which the surgeon remarked, seriously, that a man not only ran the risk of breaking an arm, but also of having his spine injured. This was pleasant, seeing that the worst part of the road was yet to come—that between the end of our river navigation and Pekin. As already observed, we could see Ma-chi-tsang ahead, and even the masts of the junks which were to carry us one hundred and thirty miles up the river; but we could also see miles of axle-deep mud, spotted here and there with pools of water; and painful experience had told us how uneven was "the bottom" under such a surface. We were therefore prepared to smile, and to be surprised at nothing over which we might stumble. We braced ourselves against the sides, entered the bog with a crack of the whip and a "Ta! ha! ha!" at the leader, plowed through a few yards of it, and—*stuck.*

Reader, were you ever stuck in a bog—in a Chinese bog? If you have never been, I would not advise you to come this far to see "how it feels"—or rather how it smells. I took advantage of the momentary quiet to light a cigar and make the following note:

"Time, 1 P.M. Fast in a slough—extent undetermined. Other chariots equally stuck. Towns in the distance. Various 'leaders' heading in the wrong direction. Odors unpleasant, and prospects generally dismal. Retire behind a cigar."

"Come, John! This will not do, my unwashed friend! Give the leader another touch."

Now I do not suppose that "John" comprehended me exactly, but he nevertheless opened a communication with the after-extremity of the animal indicated, causing him to kick very high several times, and finally to face entirely around. Being there encountered, however, by the whip of charioteer No. 11, he turned again with a bound that made every thing snap, and jerked the cart bodily over some object which was perhaps smaller than a flour barrel. The result of this was three-fold. In the first place, my mouth and eyes were peppered with mud, and my cigar extinguished by the kicking up. In the second place, my head and left arm were nearly broken by the bound of the chariot. And lastly, we were splashed without limit during the several minutes required to settle us into a walk, and pounded into something very like a jelly. I came out of that slough with an ambition that aspired to even greater things than "a comfortable hack"—I intend to own a private vehicle profusely cushioned with air-bags, should it ever be my fortune to escape safely out of China. But the most enraged individual of the party was our usually mild and amiable chaplain.

"What do you think of the jolting, Mr. W——?" asked the Minister, as he loomed over the side of the junk.

"Sir, I do not know *how* to *reply!* It *is* barbarous to subject poor mortals to such treatment as this. Eugh! I am exhausted, Sir. I look upon it as an ample cause *for war.* I could whip any twelve Chinamen between this and Pekin, Sir. Eugh! Oh my!"

"Nature's pillows" had evidently failed the old gentleman in his hour of need.

Upon reaching Ma-chi-tsang, and learning that we were twelve miles (by the river) above Tien-tsing, we repaired on board of the junks in no pleasant humor.

The following night we did a very respectable amount of sleeping on board of our four junks, and at daylight were aroused by the gongs of the fleet. It was the signal calling all hands to get under way. Altogether, our party and escort required twenty-six junks and smaller boats, and some two hundred trackers and sailors to get them up the river. The noise and confusion attendant upon the moving of so large a Chinese party can scarcely be imagined. The reader may have been alarmed by the gongs of our hotels at home; but those are playthings in comparison with these—twenty-six saucer-like sheets of brass, some three feet in diameter, belabored by twenty-six arms long used to extracting the greatest possible amount of noise; and when to this was added the shouts (Chinese shouts) of two hundred men, the falling of poles, and the barking of every other dog of the three towns, it amounted to distraction. We have since learned that much of the gong belaboring was owing to our being such grand people, and I would therefore advise any other "grand people" contemplating a visit to Pekin to travel *incog.*

There is no *tide* as high up as Ma-chi-tsang, the current always running toward the sea, with a mean velocity of two miles the hour; it was consequently all up-hill work for the trackers, though we were at times favored by fair winds, to which the boatman always spread our single sails. These "trackers" are a singular class, and follow a life which must be a terrible tax upon the constitution. I have seen them wading through waist-deep mud and water for hours at a time, and then sitting down in their wet clothes (when they boasted any) to eat their simple meal of boiled millet and salt fish, after which they would again hook on to the tracking line and plunge through more mud and water. We could not but pity them, and took care that they had a dollar each at the end of the trip, in addition to their "thisty cents per day and food" which they received from the Government. Owing, possibly, to the life being such a trying one, the demand for their services often exceeds the supply, and in such cases (when the Government is interested) any and every one is forced into the traces until the desired number is obtained. It was our fortune to witness more than one of these scenes of impressment. We had lost sixteen of them during the previous night by desertion, and as the river was growing more rapid as we ascended it, it became necessary not only to fill their places, but to add still farther to the number. When we were about to start again after their dinner, therefore, several disguised policemen mixed among the curious crowd who had, as usual, assembled on the bank, and at a preconcerted signal pounced down upon them like so many hawks. You never saw such a sudden and general display of tall walking as then ensued—not even at the turning-point of a battle. We who were standing upon the upper decks of the junks, looking about for excitement and notes, could not imagine why the entire crowd took so suddenly to their heels, running toward their villages as if for dear life; but we were soon enlightened by seeing a dozen or more powerfully-built countrymen led passively up to the line and "hooked on."

If the reader will examine the construction of these junks he will readily see how comfortable our quarters might be: and indeed we had nothing to complain of. We had both bedrooms and a saloon, our own bed and table furniture, and our own cooks and boys. Then one of the lower mandarins, whose sole business it was to furnish the expedition with provisions, supplied us bountifully with every delicacy along the route—clear ice and tender spring chickens not excepted—and the same attentions are being kept up to the present time. For all these supplies they *refuse payment;* but we are keeping an account, and shall insist upon paying at the end of the trip, or as soon as the treaties are exchanged.

Traveling only by daylight, we occupied five days in accomplishing the one hundred and thirty miles between Ma-chi-Tsang and Toong-chan; but the quiet of that five days was a glorious contrast with our "chariot" sufferings. We literally turned our backs upon every thing like exertion. We found the river very winding, often tracking for several hours only to find ourselves separated by a narrow neck of land from our starting-point—perhaps a mile gained after hours of labor.

I suppose we must have passed at least a hundred towns and villages between Ma-chi-Tsang and Toong-chan, most of the inhabitants of which, of course, lined the banks to admire (?) us as we passed. Upon these occasions we noticed that all of the lower orders were dressed in white trowsers and blue sack-jackets, while merchants and others were rigged in long robes of white grass-cloth reaching nearly to the ankle. The dress of the mandarins was generally of silk or *brown* grass-cloth, and that of children *a very enduring garment provided by nature.* Many of the women had their heads fancifully—but most untastefully, I thought—decorated with flowers, and some of the young girls and children were dressed in flowing trowsers of pink cotton and white jackets—loose jackets resembling a morning wrapper cut off below the hips. This costume, which was generally clean, contrasted pleasantly with the everlasting blue and white, evidently much soiled, of the masses. Nine out of ten of the females that came under our observation were victims to the miserable custom of cramping the feet while young. It was a sad sight to see them hobbling along with their stilt-like gait, evidently unable to command the natural use of their limbs. What feeling could have possessed the hearts of the first father and mother when they could have consented thus to torture their helpless little girls? The custom must have had "a beginning."

There was another remarkable Chinese custom—they have so many curious customs—which another of the party unintentionally outraged, and which looked a little serious at first. It seems that they always burn incense to their god, Josh, *over the bows* of their boats, and hence that part is considered sacred; they will not even expectorate over it, for fear of offending the deity. Imagine, therefore, their surprise and horror to see a barbarian abuse it in the most (to the Chinese mind) wanton and uncalled-for manner. The aged captain lifted up his hands, rolled his eyes, raised a most fearful outcry, and danced about the profaned spot as if possessed by a thousand devils. The crew looked grave—almost alarmed—and stopped their work, as if expecting sudden retribution from their insulted god. Our offending friend gazed in ignorant wonder at the apparently groundless storm, saw that some act of his must have raised it, and wondered harder than ever. The Minister and interpreters, startled by the captain's outcries and by the confused sound of many voices, hastened to the spot, fearful of some untoward event, and hurriedly inquired as to the cause.

"He has profaned the abode of Josh! The boat will never be fortunate more. We shall all perish!" exclaimed the old man, during a pause in his dance.

With happy judgment and tact an interpreter saw through the difficulty, and sympathized with the horrified worshiper of Josh. "Here!" he said, in conclusion, "here! take four dollars, and buy tons of paper and incense and purify the spot!" The dance at once ceased, the old captain smiled, the boatmen laughed, and an unlimited amount of paper was immediately consumed. Josh was then pronounced appeased, and things resumed their usual course.

We had an adventure with the populace which partook of the ridiculous. We were passing a large town, and, as usual, the banks as well as the junks between us and them were densely crowded. There were several opera-glasses on board, with the use of which one of our boatmen—poetically dubbed "Cockeye"—had become familiar. This fellow seeing one of us looking at the crowd through one of them, exclaimed, in an alarmed voice, "Look out! they'll shoot you!" At which a general stampede came off, during which more than one unfortunate must have been assimilated to a pancake. Fortunately, one of the interpreters was on deck at the moment, who incontinently pitched into Master Cockeye upon the spot, and this, combined with the excessive merriment of a small son of the captain, notified them of "the sell" to which they had been subjected. Whereupon they laughed, pancakes and all, and again crowded toward us.

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* Most of their dishes were in the shape of stews, indeed, almost as thin as soups, and many were made up of a dozen different things. It was often quite impossible to say what they were, so undetermined was their general appearance. In consequence of this, several of our party confined themselves to candied fruits, some of which were superior to any thing of the kind that we can boast. Others, again, found "the substantials" quite inviting. I don't think I ever relished any thing more than a stew of sharks' fins, biche-de-mer, or tripang, mushrooms, etc. When prepared in this way, the sharks' fins resemble gelatine both in taste and appearance.

Speaking of Master Cockeye reminds me that he was a very useful and good-natured fellow, notwithstanding his practical jokes, his natural deformity, his consequent ugliness, and his incessant clamor. Upon being questioned as to the nature of his particular duties, he replied that he was paid twelve dollars a month to stand upon the bows of his boat with a long pole in his hands, to keep her in deep water, to cry out to the trackers when they were near enough to hear his voice,[*] to beat the gong when they were too far, to lead the song when the boatmen were poling, and to exercise a general supervision over the forward part of the junk: and it must be confessed that, though a Pagan, he did his duty with diligence. It was his distorted eye which had first discovered the great insult offered to Mr. Josh, and it was his screeching voice which had raised the alarm. When he was not riding gracefully (?), after the manner of leaning over a balcony, only "a little more so," upon the end of his twenty-foot pole, to breast the junk away from shoal water, he was attacking the gong or screaming at the top of his voice, "Lo-la-a-a! lo-la-a-a!" (Pull away! pull away!) And this cry resembled so strongly that got off by a nervous man at the moment of parting company with a favorite tooth, that we were constantly imagining something of that sort happening to him.

Much has been written by travelers regarding the great number and destitution of the beggars in China. During our passage to this place[†] we have seen but four such, three of whom were old women, and the fourth a boy. I think that, "as a whole," they formed the most revolting spectacle that my eye ever rested upon. I was eating a peach at the time, and threw it away; and yet I am not weaker than others in this respect; I am never sea-sick, and have relished Chinese cooking more than once. The impression is still so fresh upon my mind that I could give you, reader, a very vivid view of that group did I not fear interfering with your appetite. With our pity raised to the highest pitch, we collected several hundred "cash," and threw them on shore. The scene that followed was pitiful in the extreme; it made me feel ashamed of having paid "twelve dollars the thousand" for the Manilla cheroot which I had lit after throwing away the peach. They ran painfully, tumbled over each other, and cried. A policeman finally picked up the money and divided it among them. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it seemed as if the crowd generally looked upon the outlay as a very unnecessary expenditure of funds.

We were received at Toong-chan by a grand illumination, the reflection of which lit our entire escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival. After the usual exchange of compliments, Master Tsung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that if it should please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chariots* would be in waiting.

"*Chariots!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the seeds of more than one nightmare. Still taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of chariot evils, we reluctantly consented to "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight; that it is twelve miles from Toong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a stone road eighteen feet wide; that said road is several hundred years old; that it has never been repaired; and that our chariots were even more poorly cushioned than the others. I really think that it is *the* worst road for a vehicle in the world. Old Time, the weather, and consecutive generations of chariot wheels have eaten deep holes and ruts where the heavy slabs come together, and in some places entire stones have disappeared. Being really in fear of having a limb fractured we very soon got out and walked, seeing which some of the inferior mandarins were ordered to dismount and resign their horses to the Minister and others. Many of us subsequently picked up donkeys here and there, but there were some unfortunates who footed it up to within a mile of the very walls of the city, at which point etiquette forced us all to re-enter the carts. I don't think I ever saw a greater variety of ludicrous sights than presented themselves during the latter part of this "donkey ride." The animals themselves were so small that it amounted to a positive imposition, especially in the case of the captain of marines encased in his "three league boots." The heavy old chaplain was so fortunate as to capture a mule of mammoth proportions, over whom he spread a large umbrella in evident triumph.

After re-entering the carts we were jolted down a very wide street through the suburbs of Pekin, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, when we rounded a corner and came suddenly in view of the east gate of Pekin.

That is a section of the celebrated outer wall of Pekin. It is perhaps sixty feet high, and the bastion towers over it at least one hundred more. We passed around it to the right, drove through an archway sixty feet wide, and entered a quadrangular inclosure of an acre or more. One side of this court was formed by the wall and bastion, the others by offshoots of the wall. We could now see nothing but the bastion and four sides, and the overcast sky overhead—a terrible place in which to entrap an enemy and close the gates upon him, far more secure than that which served Mohammed Ali so faithfully when he slaughtered the Mamelukes. We were detained here several minutes from some cause or other, and found ample time to examine both walls and bastion. The latter seemed admirably adapted for sheltering small-arms men, and the former to be in a perfect state of repair. Every thing was built of blue bricks evenly put together; and altogether it imparted a grand idea of the defenses of the capital. Under way again, we passed through a second archway, much longer than the first, and entered upon a long, straight street, sixty or seventy feet wide, very muddy and dirty, and lined by fancifully-decorated one-story dwellings and stores. Between our long line of carts and these houses the people were packed as I have seldom seen people packed before. It would be absurd to hazard an estimate of the numbers who thus blocked our road—perhaps several hundred thousand would be a safe guess. We should not have been able to proceed at all had not dozens of our escort upon horseback rushed up and down the line keeping the road open. Our friends, Kill-a-cow and Skillagalee, were particularly active in this respect, evidently to the distress of the former's foaming charger.

After proceeding a mile up this street we turned to the right into another equally wide and crowded, followed it an equal distance, turned again to the right up a very narrow one, where we saw *no one*, and finally pulled up in succession at a small door-way opening into a court ten feet square. Having passed over this court and through a second door, we entered a larger one, upon the off-side of which was a one-story brick house surrounded by verandas. Back and upon the sides of this house were other courts and one-story houses, the whole covering an area two hundred and fifteen feet square. All these courts were paved with baked earthen flags, and sheltered from sun and rain by matting tented over a roofing of bamboo. Trees sprinkled here and there, a pleasant breeze blowing through their branches, iced melons in the brick houses, and altogether a most agreeable residence for the Legation during its stay in Pekin. Our escort tell us that it was formerly the private residence of a high Mandarin who lost his head, and that it then reverted to the Emperor—certainly a most effective method of vindicating the law, adding to the State coffers, and reducing to want the unoffending offspring of the guilty (?) official.

More than forty-eight hours have now passed since our escort housed us here and made their farewell bow, and yet we have heard nothing from the Government. Perhaps they are giving us a quiet day to rub our joints and to reflect upon "our chariot experience."

August 10. Just two weeks since we entered this one-story brick house, and to-morrow, at daylight, we leave for the ship. The fact of our having been confined to said one-story brick house during these entire two weeks enables me to be pleasantly brief in my description of Pekin. I can only hope that you will not be as much disappointed as we have been, reader, but that, at the same time, you will be sufficiently so to cause you to participate in our very natural indignation at this chicken-coop-like confinement.

Our correspondent here describes the negotiations which were related in our last, and adds the Chinese were profuse in expressions of good-will. Mr. Ward had only to fix the day for his return, and every thing should be in readiness, etc., etc. They, however kept us confined to our acre of ground; or rather, *they refused us horses and guides to see the city.* They would not commit themselves by saying honestly that we should not pass through the guard at the gate; but they refused our Chinese boys permission to do so, and in regard to ourselves left it with the Minister to grant us permission or not, as he should see fit. At the same time, however, they requested us to remain inside until all "the great business" should be over, when *they* would *so* gladly furnish horses, and show us "*every thing.*" "The great business" is now very effectually "over," it seems, for to-morrow at sunrise *we are to retrace our steps.* Is it necessary to observe that they have not "brought horses," and shown us "every thing?" Altogether it has been the greatest piece of deception ever practiced upon wide-awake Brother Jonathan. They have not only cooped us up like so many "chickens likely to stray," but they have thrown every obstacle in the way of our purchasing certain things to carry away with us. Tradesmen are not allowed to enter themselves, but must intrust their goods to a Government "Comprador," who demands prices (of course *he* must have his *commission*) that are really absurd. In one case three hundred dollars were asked for a martin robe which afterward sold for one hundred. Some articles which we have asked for have been stopped at the gate (a regular guarded custom-house) as improper; and, in short, we have been any thing but free agents—always excepting in our negotiations, where Mr. Ward has kept them closely to the mark. One of the articles stopped at the gate as "improper" was a simple paper fan, and it was refused us because a plan of the city was stamped upon one side, and a plan of the empire upon the other—and such plans as they were! They feared we would learn all about the defenses of both city and empire from those slim little fans, and impart our fatal knowledge to their enemies, the English.

Confined thus within our four walls we have not been able to collect many "notes of Pekin" that contain matter of interest; but here is one which may, I think, be expanded into something rare, if not amusing: "Domestic pigeons, having singular whistles secured upon their backs, just above the root of the tail, constantly circling over our quarters, and making very pleasant music."

It was some time before we could imagine what it was that sounded so much like an Æolian harp. We looked around, in every direction—along the house-tops, among the branches of the trees, and, finally, up into the sky. There we saw the mystery explained! There we saw a flock of pigeons circling about—first nearing us, and then bearing away, until almost lost to sight. We noticed that the music changed its direction and strength with the change of the direction and distance of the birds, and curiously waited until they should come sufficiently near to afford us a good view. After a few moments we were gratified; they circled around in grand style, having a "lead pigeon" in front, upon whose back we plainly saw secured an object as large as an egg, and from which the Æolian music evidently proceeded. As he turned to his right, in his rapid flight, we heard one note; to the left, another; soaring upward, a third; swooping downward, a fourth; progressing in a right line, a uniform sound resembling the distant scream of a locomotive's whistle. This musician always keeps the lead, the other pigeons seeming to follow him as sheep do the bell. Subsequent inquiry informed us that the egg-like object was an extremely frail and light bamboo whistle, which, secured to the back, was made to produce the different notes by the changing flight of the bird. At first it was both singular and pleasant, but now it has got to be annoying.

While engaged writing the foregoing, five minutes since, I heard a great laughter in the main court, and upon asking the cause in a loud voice, learned that Mr. Ward had just informed them that the Commissioners had even gone so far as to fit up a temple in which he was to be taught how to perform the Ko-tow; and that they had also selected the teacher, whose duty it was to have been to have initiated him into its deepest mysteries, *had he only consented.* "They told me they hoped I should learn enough to fit me for the Imperial presence in the course of three or four days' drilling," continued the Minister. "It was as much as I could do to avoid laughing outright."

UNITED STATES STEAMER "POWHATAN,"
SHANGHAI, *August* 23.

We left Pekin, as arranged, on the 11th, and arrived here yesterday. Our journey back to Pei-tang was an exact duplicate of that to Pekin, if we take away the mud, which troubled us at first, and substitute a fine and penetrating dust in its place.

Arrived at Pei-tang we found the Governor-General and Treasurer of the province awaiting us, and as every thing was in readiness, the treaties were at once exchanged. But here, at the very last moment, a piece of carelessness upon the part of our State Department at Washington had nearly overthrown every thing. It seems that in sealing up the treaty in its tin box in Washington, the persons having charge of it had neglected to put in the Chinese translation, and so when it was opened in the presence of the Governor-General and the English part handed to him, it was like so much Greek. It might be the treaty or it might not, so far as he knew to the contrary. Fortunately a duplicate of the original Chinese version was among the papers of the Legation, and that was substituted for it. Then arose another question: Was this duplicate honored with the President's seal? No! Another: Was the Chinese version received from the Emperor honored with the Imperial seal? No! "Ah, then we can exchange; for had both of our versions been sealed by the Emperor, both of yours would have had to have been sealed by the President," said the Gov.-General, drawing a long breath.

As was remarked by an officer after hearing of this oversight, "Providence certainly has three things under its especial care: little children, drunken sailors, and the United States of America!" So ends the visit of the American Minister to Pekin. In a few days we sail for Yedo, the capital of the other great nation of the East. Will Yedo prove as great a humbug as Pekin?

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[*] The dexterity with which they manage their tracking lines approaches almost to sleight-of-hand. Sometimes these lines are the eighth of a mile long, and again not more than fifty yards. They throw them over the masts of other junks in the most surprising manner, thus avoiding the necessity of halting. When they wish to do this, or when the river is very wide and the channel on the opposite shore, they slack out any length of line, hauling it in again when the necessity ceases to exist. The line is about as large as one's little finger, is stronger than any rope that we make, and is secured to the mast-head and "martingaled down" by a runner to the bow as per sketch.

[†] Pekin is about eighty miles in a direct line from the sea.

SHE IS DEAD.

BY C. H. WEBB.

SHE is dead! and they say for her fame
It was barely in time that she died:
Better thus—she could never brook shame—
For oh! she had terrible pride.

Sure the path to the grave was soon trod—
She is resting, and so let it be;
But why do the gossips all nod
And point with their fingers at me?

That a sin is not buried, they tell,
And weary my ears with their ban;
Perhaps it was murder: ah! well,
Let God be my judge—not man.

For she mocked me at first when I came
To fling a young heart at her feet,
And she spurned it because of a shame
That was done ere its pulses had beat.

For her birth, so she said, had no stain—
She was one of a noble old line,
And the blood that flowed red in her veins
Could not mingle with current like mine.

Well, I battled and won me a name,
For a throne shook in grief at my tread,
And I wooed her with gold and with fame—
Yes, I wooed, but I wooed not to wed.

I remember her speech—it was fine;
That the house of her sire had no stain;
By my faith, of that same noble line
This boast will be made not again.

It was murder? Well, well, let it rest;
I will answer myself for the deed;
All tears are but brine at the best,
And prayer serves all knaves in their need.

Oh! thou white-vestured priest, stand apart!
Go dole out thy milk-texts to fools;
For I swear there is that in my heart
Just now that would puzzle the schools.
Of your FUTURE I reck not a toss—
Earth has torments that Hell can not give!
There's a grave where the four roads cross—
She is dead, and I—ah! I live.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

OF our pleasant party at the Elms last Christmas, Kate O'Hara was the beauty, far away. I remember our little silence of admiration as she came into the drawing-room just before dinner was announced (for your prima donna does not care to enter until the house is full), and the great sensation her arrival made, though she could not have approached more quietly or meekly if she had been the cat. Half a dozen young ladies who, before her advent, looked pretty enough, suddenly became quite uninteresting to a corresponding number of bachelors, and even we married gentlemen paused a while in our talk of short-horns to steal an admiring glance. We had resumed our bovine conversation, and were diverging, if I remember aright, in the direction of the Prince Consort's pigs, when my wife came up to me, and whispered:

"That's little Kate O'Hara!"

Why did my cheek glow and my heart throb? Why did the name of one whom I had not seen since she was a little child recall at once the crowning happiness and chief confusion of my life?

It shall be told, terribly, anon.

The six bachelors "entered themselves" immediately for "the O'Hara stakes," as one of them was subsequently pleased to designate the dreaming of Love's young dream; and two of them—a middy and an under-graduate—got the start, and made the running at the most reckless pace I ever saw. Indeed, the sailor proposed on the third evening, and was declined with such good-natured cheerfulness that he seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise; whereas the collegian, who was of a poetical turn, took his refusal, the day following, very seriously to heart, and passed the remaining part of his visit in sorrow and the shrubberies. Two other competitors, unattached (except to Kate), were disposed of at an archery ball; and the race then lay between Charley Northcote, captain of hussars, and Philip Lee, curate.

It was a grand set-to—"hands up," I can tell you. If Charley had the handsomest face, and—playing with a bullet pendent from his watch-chain, but which had previously resided in his leg—could talk of the time "when I was in the Crimea," Philip had the more intellectual expression, and had won at Oxford the under-graduate's "blue ribbon"—the Newdegate prize for English verse. Charley, it is true, when we were skating on the lake, produced upon the ice such wondrous "eagles" as Audubon never dreamed of; but he was, on the other hand, the first to own, when the frost broke up, that, "in a really good thing with hounds, there was not one of them could catch the parson." For Philip, though he did not hunt in his own parish, could "go like a bird" out of it, whenever he could get a mount.

On the night before our party separated we had a grand performance of charades, and in the last of these the Reverend Mr. Lee had won immense applause as a ferocious captain of banditti, acting with the greatest enthusiasm, and having composed for himself, with the co-operation of a cork, a pair of mustaches which rivaled Charley's. We were to appear at supper in our charade costumes, and were waiting the announcement of that refection, when I noticed an extraordinary phenomenon, which caused me instantly and earnestly to whisper to Miss O'Hara, "I have something to say to you. Come at once."

We passed unnoticed from the crowded drawing-room into the library, still littered with our theatrical properties. Seizing a dagger, and assuming a characteristic scowl (I was attired as a brigand's assistant), I bade her "Listen!" And she (I see her now in her pretty hat and cloak, for she had represented in our last scene the young English countess stopped by the robbers), ever ready for burlesque and mirth—as she supposed all this to be—made answer, solemnly,

"Say on!"

"Twelve years ago, Catherine O'Hara, I wooed and won in the home of your childhood the lady who is now my wife. On a sweet summer's eve I told my love, sitting under an acacia, and upon a garden-seat the property of your respected sire. Hard by, you, then a little child, were swinging in a swing. Those same long silken Irish lashes drooped over those deep-blue eyes, and we never dreamed that you took note of us, sealing, in the usual manner, our vows of mutual love. Judge, then, how intense our agony, how complete and awful our abasement, when, as we rejoined the festive throng for coffee, you cried aloud for all to hear:

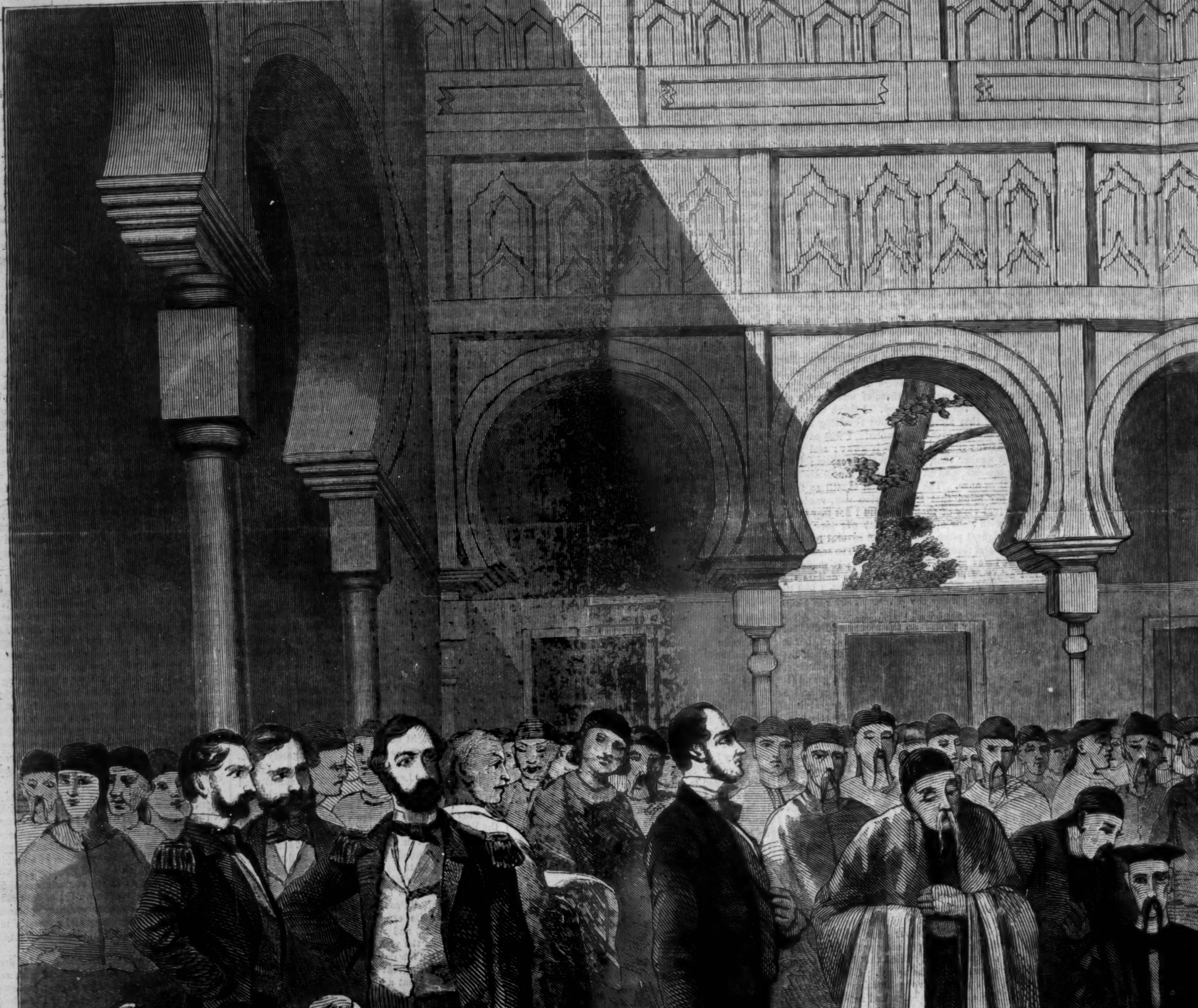
"'Oh, mamma! those two did *so* kiss each other, when I was swinging in the elm!'

"For twelve years, Kate O'Hara, the memory of that humiliation has troubled my indignant soul; but, at last, I am avenged—*look here!*"

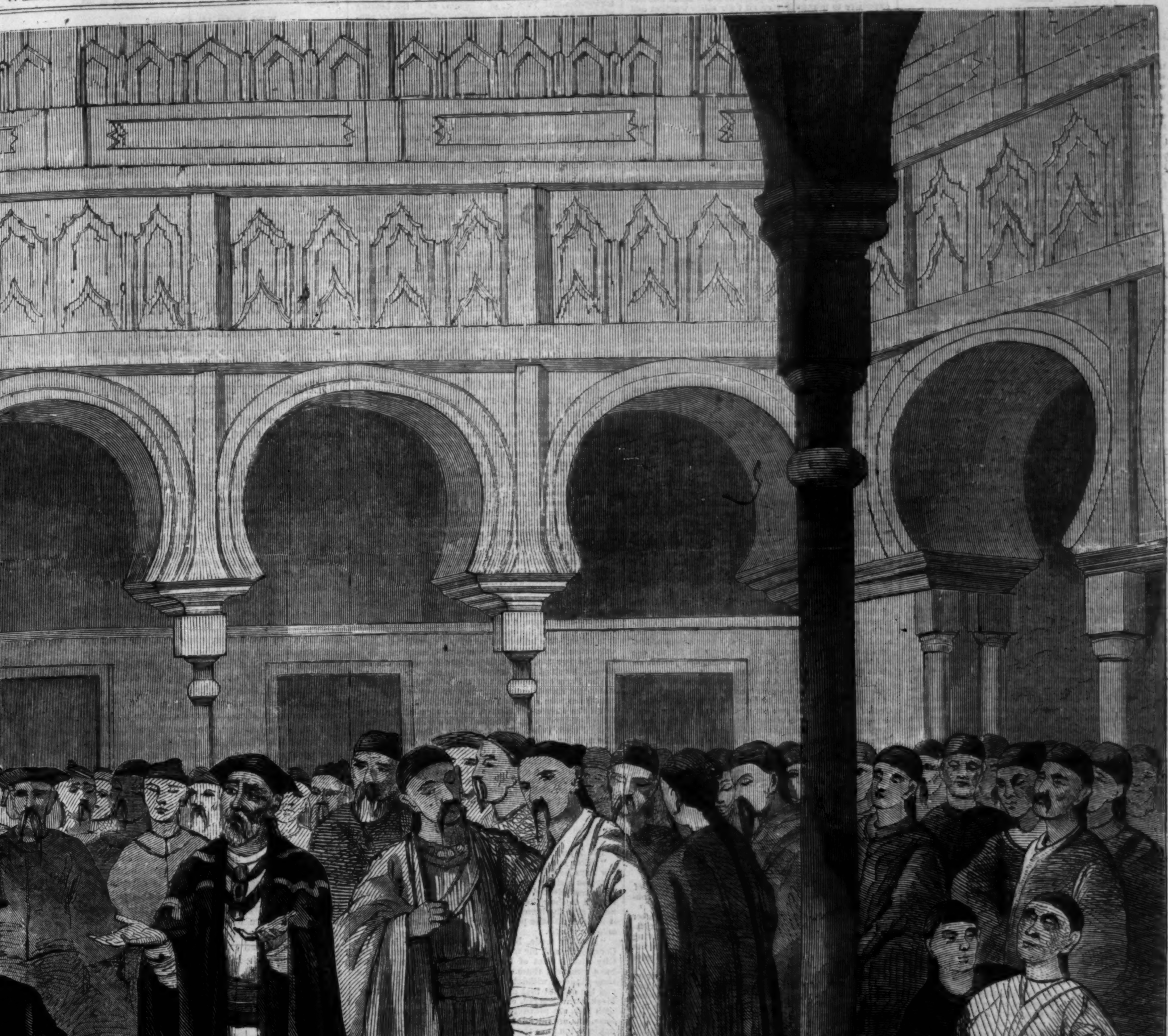
I held before her one of the hand looking-glasses which lay on the table near, and she was preparing to say something in the dramatic style, as she snatched it from me with the proud air of a tragedy queen, when her eye caught the reflection of her face, and in a moment that fair countenance was blanched and pale, and she stood, with her head drooping, speechless. For upon her lip, reader, she saw, as I had seen, the certain sign and trace that, in some obscure corner behind the scenes, *the race had been decided for the "O'Hara Stakes," and that the Brigand Lee had won.* He had left half his cork mustache on that lovely lip.

"Kate," I said, "you can not be vexed with me, for I congratulate you with all my heart. May you be as happy, dear girl, with our friend the Robber, as 'those two' have been happy, whom you saw '*so* kissing one another,' from beneath those silken lashes as you sat swinging in the elm!"

☞ For Domestic Intelligence and Foreign News, see page 794.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES MINISTER, MR. WARD, AND THE CHINES



SE COMMISSIONERS, IN THE CITY HALL AT PEKIN, AUGUST, 1859.—[See preceding Pages.]

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE EXECUTION OF BROWN.

AT eleven o'clock on 2d December the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Captain Avis, the jailer.

As he came out the six companies of infantry and one troop of horse, with General Taliaferro and his entire staff, were deploying in front of the jail, while an open wagon with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was waiting for him.

Brown looked around, and spoke to several persons he recognized, and, walking down the steps, took a seat on the coffin box along with the jailer, Avis. He looked with interest on the fine military display, but made no remarks. The wagon moved off, flanked by two files of riflemen in close order. On reaching the field the military had already full possession. Pickets were established, and the citizens kept back, at the point of the bayonet, from taking any position but that assigned them.

Brown was accompanied by no ministers, he desiring no religious services either in the jail or on the scaffold.

On reaching the field where the gallows was erected the prisoner said, "Why, are none but military allowed in the inclosure? I am sorry citizens have been kept out." On reaching the gallows he observed Mr. Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-by!" his voice not faltering.

ON THE GALLOWS.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Avis and Sheriff Campbell stood by his side, and after shaking hands and bidding an affectionate adieu, he thanked them for their kindness, when the cap was put over his face, and the rope around his neck. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied, "You must lead me, I can not see." The rope was adjusted, and the military order given, "Not ready yet." The soldiers marched, countermarched, and took position as if an enemy were in sight, and were thus occupied for nearly ten minutes, the prisoner standing all the time. Avis inquired if he was not tired. Brown said, "No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

While on the scaffold Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it—but do not detain me any longer than is absolutely necessary."

He was swung off at fifteen minutes past eleven. A slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles were seen, and then all was quiet.

The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease until thirty-five minutes had passed. The body was then cut down, placed in a coffin, and conveyed under military escort to the dépôt, where it was put in a car to be carried to the ferry by a special train at four o'clock.

BROWN'S INTERVIEWS WITH HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS.

The prisoner was, before execution, taken to the cell of Copeland and Green; he told them to stand up like men, and not betray their friends. He then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for money, and bade them adieu. He then visited Cook and Coppic, who were chained together, and remarked to Cook, "You have made false statements." Cook asked, "What do you mean?" Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry." Cook replied, "Did you not tell me in Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made any disclosures?" Brown: "No, Sir; you know I protested against you coming." Cook replied, "Captain Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head.

Brown then turned to Coppic, and said, "Coppic, you also made false statements; but I am glad to hear you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man." He also handed him a quarter. He shook both by the hand, and they parted.

The prisoner was then taken to Stevens's cell, and they kindly interchanged greetings. Stevens said, "Good-by, Captain; I know you are going to a better land." Brown replied, "I know I am." Brown told him to bear up and not betray his friends, giving him a quarter.

The prisoner then told the Sheriff he was ready, his arms were pinioned, and with a black slouch hat on, and the same clothes he wore during the trial, he proceeded to the door, apparently calm and cheerful.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Brown arrived at Charlestown Dec. 1 to see her husband. The interview between them lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until near eight o'clock in the evening, when General Taliaferro informed them that the period allowed had elapsed, and that she must prepare for departure to the Ferry. Captain Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the General refused to assent, allowing them but four hours.

The interview was not a very affecting one—rather of a practical character, with regard to the future of herself and children, and the arrangement and settlement of business affairs. They seemed considerably affected when they first met, and Mrs. Brown was for a few moments quite overcome, but Brown was as firm as a rock, and she soon recovered her composure. There was an impression that the prisoner might possibly be furnished with a weapon or with strychnine by his wife, and before the interview her person was searched by the wife of the jailer, and a strict watch kept over them during the time they were together.

On first meeting they kissed and affectionately embraced, and Mrs. Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her feelings. They stood embraced, and she sobbing, for nearly five minutes, and he was apparently unable to speak. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the interview. At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace, and as they parted he said, "God bless you and the children!" Mrs. Brown replied, "God have mercy on you!" and continued calm until she left the room, when she remained in tears a few moments and then prepared to depart.

The interview took place in the parlor of Captain Avis, and the prisoner was free from manacles of any kind. They sat side by side on a sofa, and after discussing family matters proceeded to business.

HIS WISHES ABOUT HIS PROPERTY.

He stated that he desired his property to pass entirely into her possession, and appeared to place full confidence in her ability to manage it properly for the benefit of his younger children. He requested her to remain at North Elba, New York, on the farm belonging to her. He desired that his younger children should be educated, and if she could not obtain facilities for their education at home, to have them sent to a boarding-school. He then gave directions and dictated to Sheriff Campbell a will, which directed that all his property should go to his wife, with the exception of a few presents and bequests which he made. To one of his sons he gave a double spy-glass, and to another a watch, while a third was directed to take a tomb or monument that marks the grave of his father at North Elba, and have his name, age, and the manner of his death, together with the cause for which he had suffered, inscribed upon it. He directs that it shall remain at North Elba as long as his family reside there. To each of his children he bequeathed the sum of fifty dollars, and to each of his daughters a Bible, to cost five dollars, to be purchased out of money coming to him from his father's estate. Also he directs that a Bible, to cost three dollars, shall be presented to each of his grandchildren, and that fifty dollars each be paid to three individuals, whom he named, if they can be found, and if not, to their legal representatives.

ABOUT HIS DEATH.

The subject of the death of his two sons was spoken of, and Mrs. Brown remarked that she had made some effort, while she was at Harper's Ferry, for the recovery of their bodies, to which object she said Colonel Barbour had kindly consented to give his assistance. Captain Brown remarked that he would also like the remains of the two Thompsons removed if they could be found, but suggested that it would be best to take his body with the bodies of his four sons, and get a pile of pine logs and burn them all together; that it would be much better and less expensive to thus gather up all their ashes together and take them to their final resting-place.

Sheriff Campbell told him that this would not be permitted within the State, and Mrs. Brown objected to the proposition altogether.

The prisoner said that he contemplated his death with composure and calmness. It would undoubtedly be pleasant to live longer, but as it was the will of God he should close his career he was content. It was doubtless best that he should be thus legally murdered for the good of the cause, and he was prepared to submit to his fate without a murmur. Mrs. Brown becoming depressed at these remarks, he bid her cheer up, telling her that his spirit would soon be with her again, and that they would be reunited in Heaven.

With regard to his execution, he said that he desired no religious ceremonies either in the jail or on the scaffold from ministers who consent or approve of the enslavement of their fellow-creatures; that he would prefer rather to be accompanied to the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their appeal to God for blessings on his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the Commonwealth combined.

MRS. BROWN'S OPINIONS.

We learn from Captain Moore that she rather repelled all attempt on his part to express sympathy with her under her afflictions.

She resented the idea that Captain Brown had done any thing to deserve death, or to taint his name with dishonor, and declared that the ignominious character of the punishment that was about to be inflicted upon him was as cruel as it was unjust. She regarded him as a martyr in a righteous cause, and was proud to be the wife of such a man. The gallows, she said, had no terrors for her or for him. She stated that she had not seen him since last June, about six months ago, and that they had been separated, with the exception of a few days, for nearly two years. They had, however, corresponded, and she had always felt a deep interest in the cause in which he was engaged.

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR WISE.

Governor Wise issued the following proclamation on 28th ult.

A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

Whereas, I have called forth a part of the militia of the State to suppress combination to obstruct the due execution of the laws thereof in the ordinary course of proceeding in the county of Jefferson, and may have to call for an additional force for that end, and am invested with authority by law to issue such orders and take such measures for procuring and transporting the detachments as shall seem best, and have appointed J. Lucius Davis Acting Quarter-master and Commissary-General for the troops under Major-General William B. Taliaferro, and assistant to the Adjutant-General here, for the accommodation, equipment, and support of the detachments in service.

Now, therefore, all persons are notified that the trains of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad Company are placed under orders of Acting Quarter-master and Commissary-General Davis, for impressment on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of December next. He will, under orders of Major-General Taliaferro, guard those trains for the use and occupation of Virginia troops alone, and permit no other transportation but for them.

And the citizens of this Commonwealth are warned to remain at home and on guard or patrol duty on the 2d of December, and to abstain from going to Charlestown. Orders are issued to prevent women and children, and strangers are hereby cautioned that there will be danger to them in approaching that place, or near it, on that day. If deemed necessary, martial law will be proclaimed and enforced.

Given under my hand as Governor, and under the Seal of the Commonwealth, at Richmond, this 28th day of November, 1859, and in the eighty-fourth year of the Commonwealth. HENRY A. WISE.

By the Governor.

GEO. W. MUNFORD, *Sec. of the Commonwealth.*

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION.

The subjoined proclamation by the military and civic authorities was issued five days previous to the execution:

PROCLAMATION.

In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern—

That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next, the 2d of December, strangers found within the county of Jefferson and counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who can not give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

That on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers, and especially parties approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by railroad or otherwise, will be met by the military and turned back, or arrested, without regard to the amount of force that may be required to effect this; and during the said period, and especially on the 2d of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are emphatically warned to remain at their homes, armed, and guard their own property.

Information, received from reliable sources, clearly indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own interests.

No women or children will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALIAFERRO, *Maj. Gen. Com. Troops.*
S. BASSETT FRENCH, *Military Secretary.*
THOMAS C. GREEN, *Mayor.*
ANDREW HUNTER, *Asst. Prosecuting Attorney.*
JAMES W. CAMPBELL, *Sheriff.*

November 28, 1859.

THE PREVIOUS EXCITEMENT.

On the 1st instant several persons, editors of the abolition newspapers published at the North, were ejected from the cars for Harper's Ferry. They had purchased tickets and were very anxious to proceed, but were refused on account of the arrangement entered into between Governor Wise and the President of the road. They left in the Washington train, declaring they were bound to be in Charlestown to see the execution, and would reach there by the Orange and Alexandria road, whereupon the President of that road was informed of the fact.

The *American's* Charlestown correspondent says that there is no falling off in the number of wild stories of invaders. Although martial law has not yet been proclaimed, there is a vigorous military surveillance kept up, that subjects every one—even citizens—to great inconvenience. Even citizens can not pass through the suburbs without arrest and examination. On the arrival of the cars to-day two persons, unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, were sent by an armed escort across the Maryland line. Four suspicious characters have been arrested since Wednesday, one supposed to be Coppic's brother. All are detained for the present.

The Ohio merchants arrested at Harper's Ferry were discharged after a short detention.

SOUTH CAROLINA READY FOR SECESSION.

Governor Gist, of South Carolina, sent his message to the Legislature on November 30. In reference to the relations of the South to the North, he takes bold and decided ground against the agitators of the North, and in favor of a separation in the event of the election of a Black Republican President.

The following resolutions were offered in the South Carolina House on the same day:

"*Resolved*, That the State of South Carolina is ready to enter, together with the other slaveholding States, or such as desire present action, into the formation of a Southern Confederacy.

"*Resolved*, That the Governor be requested to forward this resolution to the various Southern Executives."

Another resolution was offered, asking official information as to the condition of the State arsenals, arms, ammunition, number of men enrolled in the State militia, the style of their arms etc.

POWER OF THE POST-OFFICE IN VIRGINIA.

Governor Wise having requested the opinion of Attorney-General Tucker, of Virginia, as to the bearing of the State laws upon the distribution of incendiary publications through the Post-office, that officer writes a long report on the subject, in which he takes the ground that the Federal power to transmit mail-matter does not carry with it the power to publish and circulate, and therefore that local laws affecting such publications as the incendiary documents in question may be enforced. After this decision the circulation of objectionable mail-matter in Virginia may be regarded as definitely prohibited.

AFFAIRS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

News from Brownsville, received at New Orleans by the *Arizona*, states that Captain Tobin, with a company of one hundred Rangers, was encamped half-way between Corpus Christi and Brownsville, awaiting reinforcements. Fifty men of the First Artillery had arrived at Brazos, and would proceed at once to Brownsville. The sworn statements put forth by one Miller, which announced the capture of that town by Cortinas, prove to have been utterly false. The force at Brownsville, numbering some three hundred men, was considered sufficient to repel any attack. Cortinas's chief officer had been executed at Brownsville.

PERSONAL.

The Utica *Observer* of Monday says: "We are pleased to be able to state, on good authority, that Mr. Smith continues to improve. His bodily and mental condition are hopefully gaining. His appetite is better, and he sleeps better than when brought to the Asylum."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

WE read in the London *Times:* "From information derived from a vast number of independent sources, we entertain no doubt that a feeling of hostility more bitter than has existed in France since the peace of 1815, is at this moment entertained toward this country. The French Press, so guarded on all other subjects, is on this outspoken. The moderate and reasonable *Journal des Débats* contains attacks upon England such as never before, in moments of the greatest irritation, have appeared in its decorous columns. The *Gazette de France* lacks language to express the bitterness of its detestation, and the *Univers* is still more virulent than the organ of the Legitimists. The talk of the army and navy is of revenge for victories forty-five and fifty-five years old, and their firm belief, as well as their ardent wish, is, that in a few months the signal will be given for the invasion of this country. The inhabitants of the departments from Brest to Calais experience a revival of the hostility of fifty years since, and, strange to say, burn with ardor for a war of which they must bear the brunt. We believe this to be a fair representation of the present state of feeling in France—nay, more, we believe the Emperor Napoleon himself would, if the question could be put to him, admit it to be so. We believe he would tell us that he is our only friend, and that to his intervention alone we owe it that the two most powerful States of the world are not already involved in an exterminating conflict."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* of a late date states that a confidential communication of an important nature has been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to all the Prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French Press. The Prefects are instructed to invite such journals to be more circumspect. The Minister says that a journal, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibility of a great people by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the Imperial policy may be reconciled with the interests of the alliance of France and the maintenance of peace.

FRANCE.

THE NEW FASHIONS.

The *Times* correspondent says:

"When one of the imperial chroniclers announced a few days ago, from Compiègne, that Her Majesty, the Empress had, or was going to, discard crinoline, and in its place adopted woolen stuffs for dresses, cut short enough to show the ankles, I confess that I determined not to give the incredible piece of intelligence; but here it is, after all—the power of crinoline is strong even in *articulo mortis.*

"Another mode, however, adopted by the ladies at Compiègne, and for any thing the writer knows, in the City also, is that of long gaiters. For some time we have remarked these elegant inventions exposed in the shop-windows, without exactly comprehending the honor and the delight that awaited them. They are made of black, straw-colored, or check cloth, are lined interiorly with silk, are provokingly graceful and symmetrical in form, and are intended to embrace hermetically from the ankle to the knee the aristocratic limbs of the amazons and huntresses of Compiègne. The mode will certainly take, and for a reason which is well explained by a word that occurs in a piece now the vogue at the Palais Royal Theatre. Ravel is made to say to his intended bride, a tall, gaunt, fearfully meagre personage, whom he is forced to marry, that he will take her to America to live. 'Oh, America!' exclaims the spectre; 'pronounce again that dear word!' 'Ah! And why, I beg of you,' says Ravel, in astonishment, 'such enthusiasm for America?' 'Oh, *mon cher*, it is the country of cotton!'"

THE NEW CONGRESS.

A dispatch dated Paris, November 20, says:

"No formal invitation to take part in the Congress, which is to be held on the 15th of December, has yet been sent by France to England; but Count Persigny has been instructed to arrange the preliminary conditions with Lord John Russell. The formal and official invitation will be sent to London from the Cabinets of Vienna and Paris simultaneously. The invitations will not be identical. Austria will propose that the Congress assemble in Paris, while France will abstain from indicating any place. It is certain that Austria, through the medium of Prince Metternich, has protested against the nomination of a Regent by Piedmont, as such a Regency would be contrary to the conditions of the treaty of peace signed at Zurich. It is stated that England also has made representation against the Regency.

ITALY.

PRINCE CARIGNAN DECLINES THE REGENCY.

Prince Carignan has declined the Regency tendered him by the Central Italian States. The Piedmontese *Gazette* thus announces the proceedings in the matter:

"Prince de Carignan gave audience on the 14th to Chevalier Minghotti and Chevalier Peruzzi who had come here to request the Prince to accept the Regency conferred upon him by the National Assemblies of Parma, Modena, the Romagna, and Tuscany."

"The Prince in his reply said, 'I am deeply moved by your offer, and tender my thanks to the Assemblies and people of Central Italy who have given me so great a proof of their confidence. I believe that in making this offer you are influenced less by my personal merits than your devotedness toward the King, and by your feelings, which are not only liberal and national, but also those of order and respect for monarchical institutions. Weighty reasons of political propriety and the approaching Congress deter me, much to my regret, from responding to your appeal, and accepting the charge offered me. This forbearance on my part, and the sacrifice I am thus making, will prove more useful to the interests of our common country than if I had acted otherwise. Nevertheless, I thought to do an act of service in designating the Chevalier Buoncompagni as the person who ought to be intrusted with the Regency of Central Italy. Return my thanks to the people you represent, and tell them their perseverance and their general conduct deserve the sympathies of Europe. Tell them to reckon always on the King, who will support their wishes, and who will never abandon those who intrust their destinies to his loyalty.'"

WHO IS TO BE REGENT?

Prince Carignan has summoned Chevalier Buoncompagni to undertake the Regency, who at first intimated his readiness to accept the honor and responsibility of that office. It was stated subsequently that Chevalier Buoncompagni had postponed his departure for Central Italy to assume the Regency. The Emperor Napoleon disapproves the whole proceeding, and has notified such disapprobation to the Sardinian Government. The Turin journals are unanimous in declaring that the King of Sardinia can not recede from his act.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

Marshal O'Donnell had returned to Cadiz, after having effected a survey of the coast of Africa. Military operations were to commence immediately.

The protest of the Moorish Government against the conduct of Spain, in declaring war, is published. It asserts that the demands of Spain, in each instance, upon being conceded to, were followed by increased pretensions; and also, Morocco protests against Spain because that on three occasions she paid no attention to her engagements, and declared war without legitimate notice.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

VII.

WHEN I entered the room, I found Miss Halcombe and an elderly lady seated at the luncheon-table.

The elderly lady, when I was presented to her, proved to be Miss Fairlie's former governess, Mrs. Vesey, who had been briefly described to me by my lively companion at the breakfast-table, as possessed of "all the cardinal virtues, and counting for nothing." I can do little more than offer my humble testimony to the truthfulness of Miss Halcombe's sketch of the old lady's character. Mrs. Vesey looked the personification of human composure and female amiability. A calm enjoyment of a calm existence beamed in drowsy smiles on her plump, placid face. Some of us rush through life; and some of us saunter through life. Mrs. Vesey *sat* through life. Sat in the house, early and late; sat in the garden; sat in unexpected window-seats in passages; sat (on a camp-stool) when her friends tried to take her out walking; sat before she looked at any thing, before she talked of any thing, before she answered, Yes, or No, to the commonest question—always with the same serene smile on her lips, the same vacantly attentive turn of her head, the same snugly, comfortable position of her hands and arms, under every possible change of domestic circumstances. A mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady, who never by any chance suggested the idea that she had been actually alive since the hour of her birth. Nature has so much to do in this world, and is engaged in generating such a vast variety of coexistent productions, that she must surely be now and then too flurried and confused to distinguish between the different processes that she is carrying on at the same time. Starting from this point of view, it will always remain my private persuasion that Nature was absorbed in making cabbages when Mrs. Vesey was born, and that the good lady suffered the consequences of a vegetable preoccupation in the mind of the Mother of us all.

"Now, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe, looking brighter, sharper, and readier than ever, by contrast with the undemonstrative old lady at her side, "what will you have? A cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey crossed her dimpled hands on the edge of the table; smiled placidly; and said, "Yes, dear."

"What is that, opposite Mr. Hartright? Boiled chicken, is it not? I thought you liked boiled chicken better than cutlet, Mrs. Vesey?"

Mrs. Vesey took her dimpled hands off the edge of the table and crossed them on her lap instead; nodded contemplatively at the boiled chicken, and said, "Yes, dear."

"Well, but which will you have, to-day? Shall Mr. Hartright give you some chicken? or shall I give you some cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey put one of her dimpled hands back again on the edge of the table; hesitated drowsily; and said, "Which you please, dear."

"Mercy on me! it's a question for your taste, my good lady, not for mine. Suppose you have a little of both? and suppose you begin with the chicken, because Mr. Hartright looks devoured by anxiety to carve for you?"

Mrs. Vesey put the other dimpled hand back on the edge of the table; brightened dimly, one moment; went out again, the next; bowed obediently; and said, "If you please, Sir."

Surely a mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady? But enough, perhaps, for the present, of Mrs. Vesey.

All this time there were no signs of Miss Fairlie. We finished our luncheon; and still she never appeared. Miss Halcombe, whose quick eye nothing escaped, noticed the looks that I cast, from time to time, in the direction of the door.

"I understand you, Mr. Hartright," she said; "you are wondering what has become of your other pupil. She has been down stairs, and has got over her headache; but has not sufficiently recovered her appetite to join us at lunch. If you will put yourself under my charge, I think I can undertake to find her somewhere in the garden."

She took up a parasol, lying on a chair near her, and led the way out, by a long window at the bottom of the room, which opened on to the lawn. It is almost unnecessary to say that we left Mrs. Vesey still seated at the table, with her dimpled hands still crossed on the edge of it; apparently settled in that position for the rest of the afternoon.

As we crossed the lawn, Miss Halcombe looked at me significantly, and shook her head.

"That mysterious adventure of yours," she said, "still remains involved in its own appropriate midnight darkness. I have been all the morning looking over my mother's letters; and I have made no discoveries yet. However, don't despair, Mr. Hartright. This is a matter of curiosity; and you have got a woman for your ally. Under such conditions, success is certain, sooner or later. The letters are not exhausted. I have three packets still left, and you may confidently rely on my spending the whole evening over them."

Here, then, was one of my anticipations of the morning still unfulfilled. I began to wonder, next, whether my introduction to Miss Fairlie would disappoint the expectations that I had been forming of her since breakfast-time.

"And how did you get on with my uncle?" inquired Miss Halcombe, as we left the lawn and turned into a shrubbery. "Was he particularly nervous this morning? Never mind considering about your answer, Mr. Hartright. The mere fact of your being obliged to consider is enough for me. I see in your face that he *was* particularly nervous; and, as I am amiably unwilling to throw you into the same condition, I ask no more."

We turned off into a winding path while she was speaking, and approached a pretty summer-house, built of wood, in the form of a miniature Swiss châlet. The one room of the summer-house, as we ascended the steps at the door, was occupied by a young lady. She was standing near a rustic table, looking out at the inland view of moor and hill presented by a gap in the trees, and absently turning over the leaves of a little sketch-book that lay at her side. This was Miss Fairlie.

How can I describe her? How can I separate her from my own sensations, and from all that has happened in the later time? How can I see her again as she looked when my eyes first rested on her—as she should look, now, to the eyes that are about to see her in these pages?

The water-color drawing that I made of Laura Fairlie, at an after-period, in the place and attitude in which I first saw her, lies on my desk while I write. I look at it, and there dawns upon me brightly, from the dark greenish-brown back-ground of the summer-house, a light, youthful figure, clothed in a simple muslin dress, the pattern of it formed by broad alternate stripes of delicate blue and white. A scarf of the same material sits crisply and closely round her shoulders, and a little straw-hat, of the natural color, plainly and sparingly trimmed with ribbon to match the gown, covers her head, and throws its soft pearly shadow over the upper part of her face. Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light; not golden, and yet almost as glossy—that it nearly melts, here and there, into the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead. The eyebrows are rather darker than the hair; and the eyes are of that soft, limpid, turquoise blue, so often sung by the poets, so seldom seen in real life. Lovely eyes in color, lovely eyes in form—large and tender and quietly thoughtful—but beautiful above all things in the clear truthfulness of look that dwells in their inmost depths, and shines through all their changes of expression with the light of a purer and a better world. The charm—most gently and yet most distinctly expressed—which they shed over the whole face, so covers and transforms its little natural human blemishes elsewhere, that it is difficult to estimate the relative merits and defects of the other features. It is hard to see that the lower part of the face is too delicately refined away toward the chin to be in full and fair proportion with the upper part; that the nose, in escaping the aquiline bend (always hard and cruel in a woman, no matter how abstractedly perfect it may be), has erred a little in the other extreme, and has missed the ideal straightness of line; and that the sweet, sensitive lips are subject to a slight nervous contraction, when she smiles, which draws them upward a little at one corner, toward the cheek. It might be possible to note these blemishes in another woman's face, but it is not easy to dwell on them in hers, so subtly are they connected with all that is individual and characteristic in her expression, and so closely does the expression depend for its full play and life, in every other feature, on the moving impulse of the eyes.

Does my poor portrait of her, my fond, patient labor of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical drawing, and how many in the mind with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress, trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The woman who first gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realize. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all expression until it has claimed kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Think of her, as you thought of the first woman who quickened the pulses within you that the rest of her sex had no art to stir. Let the kind, candid blue eyes meet yours, as they met mine, with the one matchless look which we both remember so well. Let her voice speak the music that you once loved best, attuned as sweetly to your ear as to mine. Let her footstep, as she comes and goes in these pages, be like that other footstep to whose airy fall your own heart once beat time. Take her as the visionary nursling of your own fancy; and she will grow upon you, all the more clearly, as the living woman who dwells in mine.

Among the sensations that crowded on me, when my eyes first looked upon her—familiar sensations which we all know, which spring to life in most of our hearts, die again in so many, and renew their bright existence in so few—there was one that troubled and perplexed me; one that seemed strangely inconsistent and unaccountably out of place in Miss Fairlie's presence.

Mingling with the vivid impression produced by the charm of her fair face and head, her sweet expression, and her winning simplicity of manner, was another impression, which, in a shadowy way, suggested to me the idea of something wanting. At one time it seemed like something wanting in *her;* at another, like something wanting in myself, which hindered me from understanding her as I ought. The impression was always strongest, in the most contradictory manner, when she looked at me; or, in other words, when I was most conscious of the harmony and charm of her face, and yet, at the same time, most troubled by the sense of an incompleteness which it was impossible to discover. Something wanting—something wanting—and where it was, and what it was, I could not say.

The effect of this curious caprice of fancy (as I thought it then) was not of a nature to set me at my ease, during a first interview with Miss Fairlie. The few kind words of welcome which she spoke found me hardly self-possessed enough to thank her in the customary phrases of reply. Observing my hesitation, and no doubt attributing it, naturally enough, to some momentary shyness, on my part, Miss Halcombe took the business of talking, as easily and readily as usual, into her own hands.

"Look there, Mr. Hartright," she said, pointing to the sketch-book on the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it. "Surely you will acknowledge that your model pupil is found at last? The moment she hears that you are in the house, she seizes her inestimable sketch-book, looks universal Nature straight in the face, and longs to begin!"

Miss Fairlie laughed with a ready good-humor, which broke out, as brightly as if it had been part of the sunshine above us, over her lovely face.

"I must not take credit to myself where no credit is due," she said; her clear, truthful blue eyes looking alternately at Miss Halcombe and at me. "Fond as I am of drawing, I am so conscious of my own ignorance that I am more afraid than anxious to begin. Now I know you are here, Mr. Hartright, I find myself looking over my sketches, as I used to look over my lessons when I was a little girl, and when I was sadly afraid that I should turn out not fit to be heard."

She made the confession very prettily and simply, and, with quaint, childish earnestness, drew the sketch-book away close to her own side of the table. Miss Halcombe cut the knot of the little embarrassment forthwith, in her resolute, downright way.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," she said, "the pupil's sketches must pass through the fiery ordeal of the master's judgment—and there's an end of it. Suppose we take them with us in the carriage, Laura, and let Mr. Hartright see them, for the first time, under circumstances of perpetual jolting and interruption? If we can only confuse him all through the drive, between Nature as it is, when he looks up at the view, and Nature as it is not, when he looks down again at our sketch-books, we shall drive him into the last desperate refuge of paying us compliments, and shall slip through his professional fingers with our pet feathers of vanity all unruffled."

"I hope Mr. Hartright will pay *me* no compliments," said Miss Fairlie, as we all left the summer-house.

"May I venture to inquire why you express that hope?" I asked.

"Because I shall believe all that you say to me," she answered, simply.

In those few words she unconsciously gave me the key to her whole character; to that generous trust in others which, in her nature, grew innocently out of the sense of her own truth. I only knew it intuitively, then. I know it by experience, now.

We merely waited to rouse good Mrs. Vesey from the place which she still occupied at the deserted luncheon-table, before we entered the open carriage for our promised drive. The old lady and Miss Halcombe occupied the back seat; and Miss Fairlie and I sat together in front, with the sketch-book open between us, fairly exhibited at last to my professional eyes. All serious criticism on the drawings, even if I had been disposed to volunteer it, was rendered impossible by Miss Halcombe's lively resolution to see nothing but the ridiculous side of the Fine Arts, as practiced by herself, her sister, and ladies in general. I can remember the conversation that passed, far more easily than the sketches that I mechanically looked over. That part of the talk, especially, in which Miss Fairlie took any share, is still as vividly impressed on my memory as if I had heard it only a few hours ago.

Yes! let me acknowledge that, on this first day, I let the charm of her presence lure me from the recollection of myself and my position. The most trifling of the questions that she put to me, on the subject of using her pencil and mixing her colors; the slightest alterations of expression in the lovely eyes that looked into mine, with such an earnest desire to learn all that I could teach and to discover all that I could show, attracted more of my attention than the finest view we passed through, or the grandest changes of light and shade, as they flowed into each other over the waving moorland and the level beach. At any time, and under any circumstances of human interest, is it not strange to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in trouble, and sympathy in joy, only in books. Admiration of those beauties of the inanimate world, which modern poetry so largely and so eloquently describes, is not, even in the best of us, one of the original instincts of our nature. As children, we none of us possess it. No uninstructed man or woman possesses it. Those whose lives are most exclusively passed amidst the ever-changing wonders of sea and land, are also those who are most universally insensible to every aspect of Nature not directly associated with the human interest of their calling. Our capacity of appreciating the beauties of the earth we live on, is, in truth, one of the civilized accomplishments which we all learn, as an Art; and, more, that very capacity is rarely practiced by any of us except when our minds are most indolent and most unoccupied. How much share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? What space do they ever occupy in the thousand little narratives of personal experience which pass every day by word of mouth from one of us to the other? All that our minds can compass, all that our hearts can learn, can be accomplished with equal certainty, equal profit, and equal satisfaction to ourselves, in the poorest as in the richest prospect that the face of the earth can show. There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it, a reason which may perhaps be found in the widely-differing destinies of man and his earthly sphere. The grandest mountain prospect that the eye can range over is appointed to annihilation. The smallest human interest that the pure heart can feel, is appointed to immortality.

We had been out nearly three hours, when the carriage again passed through the gates of Limmeridge House.

On our way back, I had let the ladies settle for themselves the first point of view which they were to sketch, under my instructions, on the afternoon of the next day. When they withdrew to dress for dinner, and when I was alone again in my little sitting-room, my spirits seemed to leave me on a sudden. I felt ill at ease and dissatisfied with myself, I hardly knew why. Perhaps I was now conscious, for the first time, of having enjoyed our drive too much in the character of a guest, and too little in the character of a drawing-master. Perhaps that strange sense of something wanting, either in Miss Fairlie or in myself, which had perplexed me when I was first introduced to her, haunted me still. Anyhow, it was a relief to my spirits when the dinner-bell called me out of my solitude, and took me back to the society of the ladies of the house.

I was struck, on entering the drawing-room, by the curious contrast, rather in material than in color, of the dresses which they now wore. While Mrs. Vesey and Miss Halcombe were richly clad (each in the manner most becoming to her age), the first in silver-gray, and the second in that delicate primrose-yellow color, which matches so well with a dark complexion and black hair, Miss Fairlie was unpretendingly and almost poorly dressed in plain white muslin. It was spotlessly pure; it was beautifully put on; but still it was the sort of dress which the wife or daughter of a poor man might have worn; and it made the heiress of Limmeridge House, so far as externals went, look less affluent in circumstances than her own governess. At a later period, when I learned to know more of Miss Fairlie's character, I discovered that this curious contrast, on the wrong side, was due to her natural delicacy of feeling and natural intensity of aversion to the slightest personal display of her own wealth. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Miss Halcombe could ever induce her to let the advantage in dress desert the two ladies who were poor, to lean to the side of the one lady who was rich.

When dinner was over, we returned together to the drawing-room. Although Mr. Fairlie (emulating the magnificent condescension of the monarch who had picked up Titian's brush for him) had instructed his butler to consult my wishes in relation to the wine that I might prefer after dinner, I was resolute enough to resist the temptation of sitting in solitary grandeur among bottles of my own choosing, and sensible enough to ask the ladies' permission to leave the table with them habitually, on the civilized foreign plan, during the period of my residence at Limmeridge House.

The drawing-room, to which we had now withdrawn for the rest of the evening, was on the ground-floor, and was of the same shape and size as the breakfast-room. Large glass doors at the lower end opened on to a terrace, beautifully ornamented along its whole length with a profusion of flowers. The soft, hazy twilight was just shading leaf and blossom alike into harmony with its own sober hues, as we entered the room; and the sweet evening scent of the flowers met us with its fragrant welcome through the open glass doors. Good Mrs. Vesey (always the first of the party to sit down) took possession of an arm-chair in a corner, and dozed off comfortably to sleep. At my request, Miss Fairlie placed herself at the piano. As I followed her to a seat near the instrument, I saw Miss Halcombe retire into a recess of one of the side windows, to proceed with the search through her mother's letters by the last quiet rays of the evening light.

How vividly that peaceful home-picture of the drawing-room comes back to me while I write! From the place where I sat, I could see Miss Halcombe's graceful figure, half of it in soft light, half in mysterious shadow, bending intently over the letters in her lap; while, nearer to me, the fair profile of the player at the piano was just delicately defined against the faintly deepening back-ground of the inner wall of the room. Outside, on the terrace, the clustering flowers and long grasses and creepers waved so gently in the light evening air, that the sound of their rustling never reached us. The sky was without a cloud; and the dawning mystery of moonlight began to tremble already in the region of the eastern heaven. The sense of peace and seclusion soothed all thought and feeling into a rapt, unearthly repose; and the balmy quiet that deepened ever with the deepening light, seemed to hover over us with a gentler influence still, when there stole upon it from the piano the heavenly tenderness of the music of Mozart. It was an evening of sights and sounds never to forget.

We all sat silent in the places we had chosen—Mrs. Vesey still sleeping, Miss Fairlie still playing, Miss Halcombe still reading—till the light failed us. By this time the moon had stolen round to the terrace, and soft, mysterious rays of light were slanting already across the lower end of the room. The change from the twilight obscurity was so beautiful, that we banished the lamps, by common consent, when the servant brought them in; and kept the large room unlighted, except by the glimmer of the two candles at the piano.

For half an hour more, the music still went on. After that, the beauty of the moonlight view on the terrace tempted Miss Fairlie out to look at it; and I followed her. When the candles at the piano had been lighted, Miss Halcombe had changed her place, so as to continue her examination of the letters by their assistance. We left her, on a low chair, at one side of the instrument, so absorbed over her reading that she did not seem to notice when we moved.

We had been out on the terrace together, just in front of the glass doors, hardly so long as five minutes, I should think; and Miss Fairlie was, by my advice, just tying her white handkerchief over her head as a precaution against the night air—when I heard Miss Halcombe's voice—low, eager, and altered from its natural lively tone—pronounce my name.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "will you come here for a minute? I want to speak to you."

I entered the room again immediately. The piano stood about half-way down along the inner wall. On the side of the instrument farthest from the terrace, Miss Halcombe was sitting with the letters scattered on her lap, and with one in her hand selected from them, and held close to the candle. On the side nearest to the terrace there stood a low ottoman, on which I took my place. In this position, I was not far from the glass doors; and I could see Miss Fairlie plainly, as she passed and repassed the opening on to the terrace; walking slowly from end to end of it in the full radiance of the moon.

"I want you to listen while I read the concluding passages in this letter," said Miss Halcombe. "Tell me if you think they throw any light upon your strange adventure on the road to London. The letter is addressed by my mother to her second husband, Mr. Fairlie; and the date refers to a period of between eleven and twelve years since. At that time, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, and my half-sister Laura, had been living for years in this house; and I was away from them, completing my education at a school in Paris."

She looked and spoke earnestly, and as I thought, a little uneasily, as well. At the moment when she raised the letter to the candle before beginning to read it, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace, looked in for a moment, and, seeing that we were engaged, slowly walked on.

Miss Halcombe began to read, as follows:

"'You will be tired, my dear Philip, of hearing perpetually about my schools and my scholars. Lay the blame, pray, on the dull uniformity of life at Limmeridge, and not on me. Besides, this time, I have something really interesting to tell you about a new scholar.

"'You know old Mrs. Kempe, at the village shop. Well, after years of ailing, the doctor has at last given her up, and she is dying slowly, day by day. Her only living relation, a sister, arrived last week to take care of her. This sister comes all the way from Hampshire—her name is Mrs. Catherick. Four days ago Mrs. Catherick came here to see me, and brought her only child with her, a sweet little girl, about a year older than our darling Laura—'"

As the last sentence fell from the reader's lips, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace once more. She was softly singing to herself one of the melodies which she had been playing earlier in the evening. Miss Halcombe waited till she had passed out of sight again; and then went on with the letter:

"'Mrs. Catherick is a decent, well-behaved, respectable woman; middle aged, and with the remains of having been moderately, only moderately, nice-looking. There is something in her manner and her appearance, however, which I can't make out. She is reserved about herself to the point of downright secrecy; and there is a look in her face—I can't describe it—which suggests to me that she has something on her mind. She is altogether what you would call a walking mystery. Her errand at Limmeridge House, however, was simple enough. When she left Hampshire to nurse her sister, Mrs. Kempe, through her last illness, she had been obliged to bring her daughter with her, through having no one at home to take care of the little girl. Mrs. Kempe may die in a week's time, or may linger on for months; and Mrs. Catherick's object was to ask me to let her daughter, Anne, have the benefit of attending my school; subject to the condition of her being removed from it to go home again with her mother, after Mrs. Kempe's death. I consented at once; and when Laura and I went out for our walk, we took the little girl (who is just eleven years old) to the school, that very day.'"

Once more, Miss Fairlie's figure, bright and soft in its snowy muslin dress—her face prettily framed by the white folds of the handkerchief which she had tied under her chin—passed by us in the moonlight. Once more, Miss Halcombe waited till she was out of sight; and then went on:

"'I have taken a violent fancy, Philip, to my new scholar, for a reason which I mean to keep till the last for the sake of surprising you. Her mother having told me as little about the child as she told me of herself, I was left to discover (which I did on the first day when we tried her at lessons) that the poor little thing's intellect is not developed as it ought to be at her age. Seeing this, I had her up to the house the next day, and privately arranged with the doctor to come and watch her and question her, and tell me what he thought. His opinion is that she will grow out of it. But he says her careful bringing up at school is a matter of great importance just now, because her unusual slowness in acquiring ideas implies an unusual tenacity in keeping them when they are once received into her mind. Now, my love, you must not imagine, in your off-hand way, that I have been attaching myself to an idiot. This poor little Anne Catherick is a sweet, affectionate, grateful girl, and says the quaintest, prettiest things (as you shall judge by an instance) in the most oddly sudden, surprised, half-frightened way. Although she is dressed very neatly, her clothes show a sad want of taste in color and pattern. So I arranged, yesterday, that some of our darling Laura's old white frocks and white hats should be altered for Anne Catherick, explaining to her that little girls of her complexion looked neater and better all in white than in any thing else. She hesitated and seemed puzzled for a minute, then flushed up, and appeared to understand. Her little hand clasped mine suddenly. She kissed it, Philip, and said (oh, so earnestly!), "I will always wear white as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, ma'am, and to think that I am pleasing you still, when I go away and see you no more." This is only one specimen of the quaint things she says so prettily. Poor little soul! She shall have a stock of white frocks, made with good deep tucks, to let out for her as she grows—'"

Miss Halcombe paused, and looked at me across the piano.

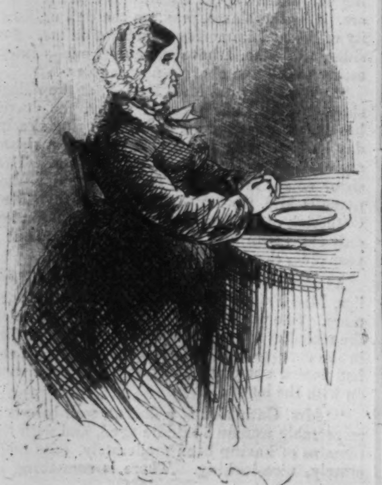
"Did the forlorn woman whom you met in the high-road seem young?" she asked. "Young enough to be two or three-and-twenty?"

"Yes, Miss Halcombe, as young as that."

"And she was strangely dressed, from head to foot, all in white?"

"All in white."

While the answer was passing my lips Miss Fairlie glided into view on the terrace for the third time. Instead of proceeding on her walk, she stopped, with her back turned toward us, and, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, looked down into the garden beyond. My eyes fixed upon the white gleam of her muslin gown and head-dress in the moonlight, and a sensation, for which I can find no name—a sensation that quickened my pulse and raised a fluttering at my heart—began to steal over me.



"All in white!" Miss Halcombe repeated. "The most important sentences in the letter, Mr. Hartright, are those at the end, which I will read to you immediately. But I can't help dwelling a little upon the coincidence of the white costume of the woman you met, and the white frocks which produced that strange answer from my mother's little scholar. The doctor may have been wrong when he discovered the child's defects of intellect, and predicted that she would 'grow out of them.' She may never have grown out of them; and the old grateful fancy about dressing in white, which was a serious feeling to the girl, may be a serious feeling to the woman still."

I said a few words in answer—I hardly know what. All my attention was concentrated on the white gleam of Miss Fairlie's muslin dress.

"Listen to the last sentences of the letter," said Miss Halcombe. "I think they will surprise you."

As she raised the letter to the light of the candle, Miss Fairlie turned from the balustrade, looked doubtfully up and down the terrace, advanced a step toward the glass doors, and then stopped, facing us.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe read me the last sentences to which she had referred:

"'And now, my love, seeing that I am at the end of my paper, now for the real reason, the surprising reason, for my fondness for little Anne Catherick. My dear Philip, although she is not half so pretty, she is, nevertheless, by one of those extraordinary caprices of accidental resemblance which one sometimes sees, the living likeness, in her hair, her complexion, the color of her eyes, and the shape of her face—'"

I started up from the ottoman before Miss Halcombe could pronounce the next words. A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely high-road, chilled me again.

There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in her attitude, in the turn of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image, at that distance and under those circumstances, of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for hours and hours past, flashed into conviction in an instant. That "something wanting" was my own recognition of the ominous likeness between the fugitive from the asylum and the heiress of Limmeridge House.

"You see it!" said Miss Halcombe. She dropped the useless letter, and her eyes flashed as they met mine. "You see it now, as my mother saw it eleven years since!"

"I see it—more unwillingly than I can say. To associate that forlorn, friendless, lost woman, even by an accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems like casting a shadow on the future of the bright creature who stands looking at us now. Let me lose the impression again, as soon as possible. Call her in, out of the dreary moonlight—pray call her in!"

"Mr. Hartright, you surprise me. Whatever women may be, I thought that men, in the nineteenth century, were above superstition."

"Pray call her in!"

"Hush, hush! She is coming of her own accord. Say nothing in her presence. Let this discovery of the likeness be kept a secret between you and me. Come in, Laura; come in, and wake Mrs. Vesey with the piano. Mr. Hartright is petitioning for some more music, and he wants it, this time, of the lightest and liveliest kind."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

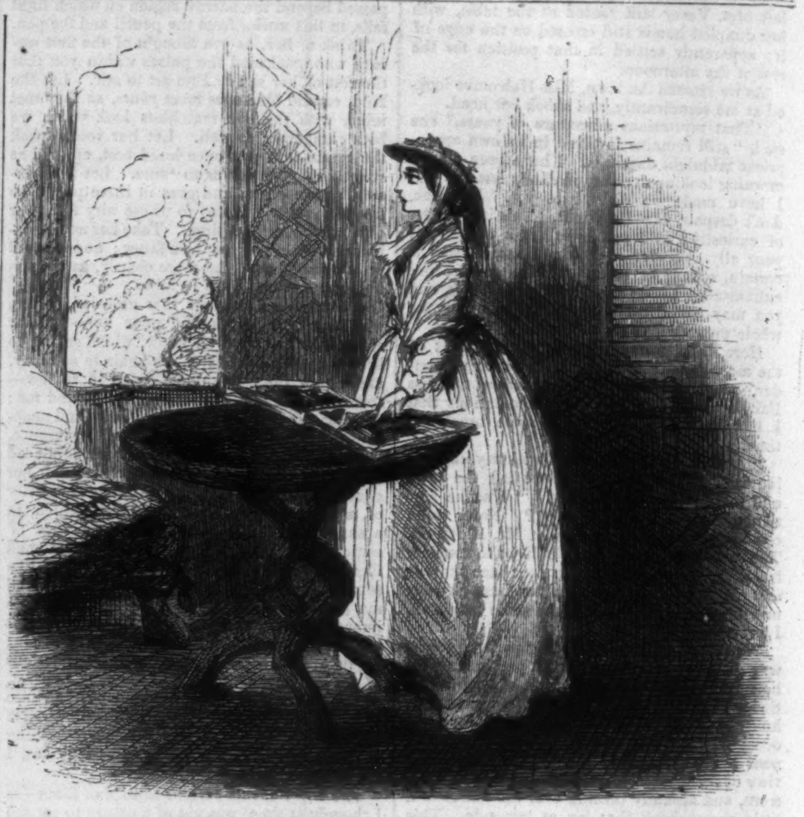
IN VINO VERITAS.

THE Honorable Abel Newt was elected to Congress in place of the Honorable Watkins Bodley, who withdrew on account of the embarrassment of his private affairs. At a special meeting of the General Committee Mr. Enos Slugby, Chairman of the Ward Committee, introduced a long and eloquent resolution, deploring the loss sustained by the city and by the whole country in the resignation of the Honorable Watkins Bodley—sympathizing with him in the perplexity of his private affairs—but rejoicing that the word "close up!" was always faithfully obeyed—that there was always a fresh soldier to fill the place of the retiring—and that the Party never summoned her sons in vain.

General Belch then rose and offered a resolution:

"*Resolved*—That in the Honorable Abel Newt, our representative, just elected by a triumphant majority of the votes of the enlightened and independent voters of the district—a constituency of whose favor the most experienced and illustrious statesmen might be proud—we recognize a worthy exemplar of the purest republican virtues, a consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy, the equally unflinching friend of the people; a man who dedicates with enthusiasm the rare powers of his youth, his scholarship, and his profoundest and sincerest convictions, to the great cause of popular rights of which the Party is the exponent.

"*Resolved*—That the Honorable Abel Newt be requested, at the earliest possible moment, to unfold to his fellow-citizens his views upon the State and National political affairs."



"SHE WAS STANDING NEAR A RUSTIC TABLE—"

Mr. William Condor spoke feelingly in support of the resolutions:

"Fellow-citizens!" he said, eloquently, in conclusion, "if there is one thing nobler than another, it is an upright, downright, disinterested, honest man; and such I am proud and happy to declare my friend, your friend, the friend of all honest men, to be; and I call for three cheers for Honest Abel Newt!"

They were given with ardor; and then General Belch was called out for a few remarks, "which he delivered," said the *Evening Banner of the Union*, "with his accustomed humor, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter, and sending every body happy to bed."

The Committee-meeting was over, and the spectators retired to the neighboring bar-rooms. Mr. Slugby, Mr. Condor, and General Belch tarried behind, with two or three more.

"Shall we go to Newt's?" asked the General.

"Yes, I told him we should be round after the meeting," replied Mr. Condor; and the party were presently at his rooms.

The Honorable Abel had placed several full decanters upon the table, with a box of cigars.

"Newt, how soon can you make that speech?" inquired General Belch, after they had been smoking and drinking for some time.

"Whenever you please," answered Abel; "I am primed."

"Well, take care that you're not primed when you deliver it," said the General. "We've had enough of that."

There was a loud laugh. Perhaps there was never less merriment in laughter.

"You may talk about every thing but the Grant," said Slugby; "but you must only allude to that under the general head of national grandeur and generosity—and—and—"

"And dividends," interpolated Abel.

There was another laugh.

"Mr. Newt," said Enos Slugby.

Abel turned his head.

"You have an uncle, have you not?"

Abel nodded.

"A very eminent merchant, I believe. His name is very well known, and he commands great respect. Ahem!"

Mr. Slugby cleared his throat; then continued:

"He will naturally be very much interested in the career and success of his nephew."

"Oh, immensely!" replied Abel, in a thick voice, and with a look and tone which suggested to his friends that he was rapidly priming himself. "Immensely, enormously!"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Slugby, with an air of curious meditation. "I do not remember to have heard the character of his political proclivities mentioned. But, of course, as the brother of Boniface Newt and the uncle of the Honorable Abel Newt"—here Mr. Slugby bowed to that gentleman, who winked at him over the rim of his glass—"he is naturally a friend of the people."

"Yes," returned Abel.

"I think you said he was very fond of you?" added Mr. Slugby, while his friends looked expectantly on.

"Fond? It's a clear case of apple of the eye," answered Abel, chuckling.

"Very good," said William Condor; "very good indeed!"

"Capital!" laughed Belch; and whispered to his neighbor Condor, "In vino veritas."

As they whispered and smiled and nodded together, Abel Newt glanced around the circle with sullen, fiery eyes.

"Uncle Lawrence is worth a million of dollars," said he, carelessly.

The group of political gentlemen shook their heads in silent admiration. They seemed to themselves to have struck a golden vein, and General Belch could not help inwardly complimenting himself upon his profound sagacity in having put forward a candidate who had a bachelor uncle who doated upon him, and who was worth a million. He perceived at once his own increased importance in the party. To have displaced Watkins Bodley—who was not only an uncertain party implement, but poor—by an unhesitating young man of great ability and of enormous prospects, he knew was to have secured for himself whatever he chose to ask. The fat nose reddened and glistened as if it would burst with triumph and joy. General Arcularius Belch was satisfied.

"Of course," said William Condor, "a man of Mr. Lawrence Newt's experience and knowledge of the world is aware that there are certain necessary expenses attendant upon elections—such as printing, rent, lighting, warming, posting, etc.—"

"In fact, sundries," said Abel, smiling with the black eyes.

"Yes, precisely; sundries," answered Mr. Condor, "which sometimes swell to quite an inordinate figure. Your uncle, I presume, Mr. Newt, would not be unwilling to contribute a certain share of the expense of your election; and indeed, now that you are so conspicuous a leader, he would probably expect to contribute handsomely to the current expenses of the party. Isn't it so?"

"Of course," said General Belch.

"Of course," said Enos Slugby.

"Of course," echoed the two or three other gentlemen who sat silently, assiduously smoking and drinking.

"Oh, clearly, of course," answered Abel, still thickly, and in a tone by no means agreeable to his companions. "What should you consider to be his fair share?"

"Well," began Condor, "I should think, in ordinary times, a thousand a year; and then, as particular occasion demands."

At this distinct little speech the whole company lifted their glasses that they might more conveniently watch Abel.

With a half-maudlin grin he looked along the line.

"By-the-by, Condor, how much do you give a year?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Hit, by G—!" energetically said one of the silent men.

"Good for Newt!" cried General Belch, thumping the table.

There was another little burst of laughter, with the least possible merriment in it. William Condor joined with an entirely unruffled face.

"As for Belch," continued Abel, with what would be called in animals an ugly expression. "Belch is the clown, and they let him off easy. The Party is like the old kings, it keeps a good many fools to make it laugh."

His tone was threatening, and nobody laughed. General Belch looked as if he were restraining himself from knocking his friend down. But they all saw that he was mastered by the liquor.

"Squeeze Lawrence Newt, will you? Why, Lord, gentlemen, what do you suppose he thinks of you—I mean, of fellows like you?"

He paused, and glared around him. William Condor daintily knocked off the ash of his cigar with the tip of his little finger, and said, calmly,

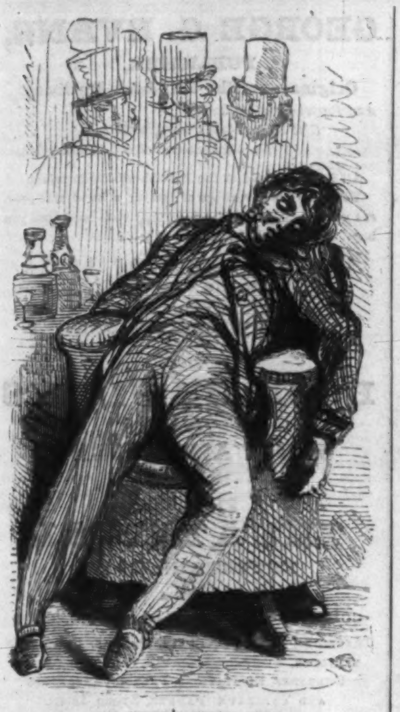
"I am sure I don't know."

"Nor care," said General Belch.

"He thinks you're all a set of white-livered sneaks!" shouted Abel, in a voice harsh and hoarse with liquor.

The gentlemen were silent. The leaders wagged their feet nervously; the others looked rather amused.

"No offense," resumed Abel. "I don't mean he despises you in particular, but all bar-room bobtails."



MR. NEWT'S WEAK SPOT.

His voice thickened rapidly.

"Of all mean, mis-mis-rabble hounds, he thinks you are the dirt-est."

Still no reply was made. The honorable gentleman looked at his guests leeringly, but found no responsive glance.

"In vino veritas," whispered Condor to his neighbor Belch. William Condor was always clean in linen and calm in manner.

"Don't be 'larmed, fel-fel-f'-low cit-zens! He's no friend of mine. I guess his G— d— pride'll get a tumble some day; by G— I do!" Abel added, with a fierce hiss, as if some malignant snake spoke its hate.

The guests looked relieved as they heard the last words. Abel ceased, and passed the decanter, which they did not decline; for they all felt as if the Honorable Abel Newt would probably throw it at the head of any man who said or did what he did not approve. There was a low, anxious murmur of conversation among them until Abel was evidently very intoxicated, and his head sank upon his breast.

"I'm terribly afraid we've burned our fingers," said Mr. Enos Slugby, looking a little ruefully at the honorable representative.

"Oh, I hope not," said General Belch; "but there may be some breakers ahead. If we lose the Grant it won't be the first cause or man that has been betrayed by the bottle. Condor, let me fill your glass. It is clear that if our dear friend Newt has a weakness it is the bottle; and if our enemies at Washington, who want to head off this grant, have a strength, it is finding out an adversary's soft spot. We may find in this case that it's dangerous playing with edged tools. But I've great faith in his want of principle. We can show him so clearly that his interest, his advance, his career depend so entirely upon his conduct, that I think we can keep him straight. And, for my part, if we can only work this grant through, I shall retire upon my share of the proceeds, and leave politics to those who love 'em. But I don't mean to have worked for nothing—hey, Condor?"

"Amen," replied William, placidly.

"By-the-by, Condor," said Mr. Enos Slugby. Mr. Condor turned toward him inquiringly.

"I heard Jim say, t'other day—"

"Who's Jim?" asked Condor.

"Jim!" returned Slugby, "Jim—why, Jim's the party in my district."

"Oh yes—yes: I beg pardon," said Condor; "the name had escaped me."

"Well, I heard Jim say, t'other day, that Mr. William Condor was getting 'too d—d stuck up,' and that he'd yank him out of his office if he didn't mind his eye. That's you, Condor; so I advise you to look out. It's easy enough to manage Jim, if you take care. He'll go as gently as a well-broke filly; but if he once takes a lurch—if he thinks you're too 'proud' or 'big,' it's all up with you. So mind how you treat Jim."

"Well, well," said Belch, impatiently; "we've other business on hand now."

"Exactly," said Condor; "we are the Honorable Abel's Jim. Turn about is fair play. Jim makes us go; we make Abel go. It's a lovely series of checks and balances."

He said it so quietly and airily that they all laughed. Then the General continued:

"We're going to send Newt to look after Ele, and I rather think we shall have to send somebody to look after Newt. However, we'll see. Let's leave this hog to snore by himself."

They rose as he spoke.

"What were the words of your resolution, Belch?" asked William Condor, with his eyes twinkling. "I don't quite remember. Did you say," he added, looking at Abel, who lay huddled, dead drunk, in his chair, "that he dedicated his profoundest and sincerest, or sincerest and profoundest convictions?"

"And you, Condor," said Enos Slugby, smiling, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "did you say that you were proud and happy, or happy and proud, to call him your friend?"

"Lord! Lord! what an old hum it is—isn't it?" said General Belch, cheerfully, as he smoothed his hat with his coat-sleeve, and put it on.

They went down stairs laughing and chatting; and the Honorable Abel Newt, the worthy exemplar of the purest republican virtues—as the resolution stated when it appeared in the next morning's papers—was left snoring amidst his constituency of empty decanters and drained glasses.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

FACE TO FACE.

LAWRENCE NEWT now knew that there was no longer any cloud between him and Hope Wayne. That uncertainty, that hesitation, that vailed sympathy and doubt, which had prevented his speaking or acting as if he knew of any feeling toward him upon her part that might not be that of a faithful friend only, were all gone now, although he had not seen her. The morning—it was but a few days ago—in which he had spoken with Mrs. Simcoe seemed already like an old historical epoch. It was remote in time—dim with antiquity; and as he saw her, for the single moment as he passed out, raising the head of golden hair, the dewy cheeks, the thoughtful brow, from the book, and bowing to him with the clear, smiling blue eyes, so he knew he should see her forever—he knew that it was as if that moment she had been made immortal in youth, in goodness, and in beauty.

And as he stood alone at the office window over the busy river, musing of these things, the sadness which had always mingled with the inscrutable look in his eyes faded, and he was conscious that he loved Hope Wayne as her oldest, dearest friend might love her—as the friend whose life and destiny had been so deeply inwrought with hers had a right to love her; and she stood sacred before his mind, sacred and dear.

He had not been to her house since that morning, for he remembered what he had said to Mrs. Simcoe, that the first meeting would be at Amy Waring's. And the day had arrived: on that evening the Round Table would meet.

There was a stir beside him, and he looked suddenly round and saw Arthur Merlin.

"Signor Pittore! what brings a bird into the barn-yard?"

"The hope of some crumb of comfort."

"Do you dip from your empyrean to the cold earth—from the studio to a counting-room—to find comfort?" asked Lawrence Newt, cheerfully.

Arthur Merlin looked only half sympathetic with his friend's gayety. There was a wan air on his face, a piteous look in his eyes, which touched Lawrence.

"Why, Arthur, what is it?"

"Do you remember what Diana said—'I am sure that that silly shepherd will not sleep there forever. Never fear, he will wake up. Diana never looks or loves for nothing?'"

Lawrence Newt gazed at him without speaking.

"Come, you have correspondence all over the world. What is the news from Latmos? Has the silly shepherd waked up?" said Arthur, with a feeble effort at fun.

"My dear Arthur," said Mr. Newt, gravely, "I told you long ago that he was dead to all that heavenly splendor."

The two men gazed steadfastly at each other without speaking. At length Arthur said, in a low voice,

"Dead?"

"Dead."

As Lawrence Newt spoke the word the air far off and near seemed to him to ring again with that pervasive murmur, sad, soft, infinitely tender, "Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

But his eye was calm and his face cheerful.

"Arthur, sit down."

The young man seated himself, and the older one drawing a chair to the window, they sat with their backs to the outer office, and looking upon the ships.

"I am older than you, Arthur, and I am your friend. What I am going to say to you I have no right to say, except in your entire friendship."

The young man's eyes glistened.

"Go on," he said.

"When I first knew you I knew that you loved Hope Wayne."

A flush deepened upon Arthur's face, and his fingers played idly upon the arm of the chair.

"I hoped that Hope Wayne would love you. I was sure that she would. It never occurred to me that she could—could—"

Arthur turned and looked at him.

"Could love any body else," said Lawrence Newt, as his eyes wandered dreamily among the vessels, as if the canvas were the wings of his memory sailing far away.

"Suddenly, without the least suspicion on my part, I discovered that she did love somebody else."

"Yes," said Arthur, "so did I."

"What could I do?" said the other, still abstractedly gazing; "for I loved her."

"You loved her?" cried Arthur Merlin, so suddenly and loud that Thomas Tray looked up from his great red Russia book and turned his head toward the inner office.

"Certainly I loved her," replied Lawrence Newt, calmly and with tender sweetness; "and I had a right to, for I loved her mother. Could I have had my way Hope Wayne's mother would have been my wife."

Arthur Merlin stole a glance at the face of of his companion.

"I was a child and she was a child—a boy and a girl. It was not to be. She married another man and died; but her memory is forever sacred to me, and so is her daughter."

To this astonishing revelation Arthur Merlin said nothing. His fingers still played idly on the chair, and his eyes, like the eyes of Lawrence, looked out upon the river. Every thing in Lawrence Newt's conduct was at once explained; and the poor artist was ready to curse his absurd folly in making his friend involuntarily sit for Endymion. Lawrence Newt knew his friend's thoughts.

"Arthur," he said, in a low voice, "did I not say that if Endymion were not dead that it would be impossible not to awake and love her? Do you not see that I was dead to her?"

"But does she know it?" asked the painter.

"I believe she does now," was the slow answer. "But she has not known it long."

"Does Amy Waring know it?"

"No," replied Lawrence Newt, quietly, "but she will to-night."

The two men sat silently together for some time. The junior partner came in, spoke to Arthur, wrote a little, and went out again. Thomas Tray glanced up occasionally from his great volume, and the melancholy eyes of Little Malacca scarcely turned from the two figures which he watched from his desk through the office windows. Venables was promoted to be second to Thomas Tray on the very day that Gabriel was admitted a junior partner. They were all aware that the head of the house was engaged in some deeply interesting conversation, and they learned from Little Malacca who the stranger was.

The two men sat silently together, Lawrence Newt evidently tranquilly waiting, Arthur Merlin vainly trying to say something further.

"I wonder—" he began, at length, and stopped. A painful expression of doubt clouded his face; but Lawrence turned to him cheerfully, and said, in a frank, assuring tone,—

"Arthur, speak out."

"Well," said the artist, with almost a girl's shyness investing his whole manner, "before you, at least, I can speak, and am not ashamed. I want to know whether—you—think—"

He spoke very slowly, and stopped again. Before he resumed he saw Lawrence Newt shake his head negatively.

"Why, what?" asked Arthur, quickly.

"I do not believe she ever will," replied the other, as if the artist had asked a question with his eyes. He spoke in a very low, serious tone.

"Will what?" asked Arthur, his face burning with a bright crimson flush.

Lawrence Newt waited a moment, to give his friend time to recover, before he said,

"Shall I say what?"

Arthur also waited for a little while; then he said, sadly,

"No, it's no matter."

He seemed to have grown older as he sat looking from the window. His hands idly played no longer, but rested quietly upon the chair. He shook his head slowly, and repeated, in a tone that touched his friend to the heart,

"No—no—it's no matter."

"But, Arthur, it's only my opinion," said the other, kindly.

"And mine, too," replied the artist, with an inexpressible sadness.

Lawrence Newt was silent. After a few moments Arthur Merlin rose and shook his hand.

"Good-by!" he said. "We shall meet to-night."

Lawrence Newt held the young man's hand. His heart was full of sympathy and regret. Amy Waring and he had so often spoken of Arthur and Hope as sure finally to love each other, that they had come to count upon it as something that had already happened; and as he now held the young man's hand, and looked into his kind, sincere eyes, he felt a peculiar affection for him—remembering that as he himself had loved Hope's mother, and vainly, so Arthur loved the daughter, and equally, though for very different reasons, in vain.

"God bless you, Arthur!"

They shook hands once more, and the painter was gone.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

FINISHING PICTURES.

ARTHUR MERLIN returned to his studio, and carefully locked the door. Then he opened a huge portfolio, which was full of sketches—and they were all of the same subject, treated in a hundred ways—they were all Hope Wayne.

Sometimes it was a lady leaning from an oriel window in a medieval tower, listening in the moonlight, with love in her eyes and attitude, to the music of a guitar, touched by a gallant knight below, who looked as Arthur Merlin would have looked had Arthur Merlin been a gallant medieval knight.

Then it was Juliet, pale and unconscious in the tomb; superb in snow-white drapery; pure as an angel, lovely as a woman; but it was Hope Wayne still—and Romeo stole frightened in, but Romeo was Arthur.

Or it was Beatrice moving in a radiant heaven; while far below, kneeling, and with clasped hands, gazing upward, the melancholy Dante watched the vision.

Or the fair phantom of Goethe's ballad looked out with humid passionate glances between the clustering reeds she pushed aside, and lured the fisherman with love.

There were scores of such sketches, from romance, and history, and fancy, and in each the beauty was Hope Wayne's; and it was strange to see that in each, however different from all the others, there was still a charm characteristic of the woman he loved; so that it seemed a vivid record of all the impressions she had made upon him, and as if all heroines of poetry or history were only ladies in waiting upon her. In all of them, too, there was a separation between them. She was remote in sphere or in space; there was the feeling of inaccessibility between them in all.

As he turned them slowly over, and gazed at them as earnestly as if his glance could make that beauty live, he suddenly perceived, what he had never before felt, that the instinct which had unconsciously given the same character of hopelessness to the incident of the sketches, was the same that had made him so readily acquiesce in what Lawrence Newt had hinted. He paused at a drawing of Pygmalion and his statue. The same instinct had selected the moment before the sculptor's prayer was granted; when he looks at the immovable beauty of his statue with the yearning love that made the marble live. But the statue of Arthur's Pygmalion would never live. It was a statue only, and forever. He asked himself why he had not selected the moment when she falls breathing and blushing into the sculptor's arms.

Alone in his studio the artist blushed, as if the very thought were wrong; and he felt that he had never really dared to hope, however he had longed and wished and flattered his fancy.

He looked at each one of the drawings carefully and long; then kissed it, and turned it upon its face. When he had seen them all he sat for a moment; then quietly tore them into long strips, then into small pieces; and lifting the window, scattered them upon the air. The wind whirled them over the street.

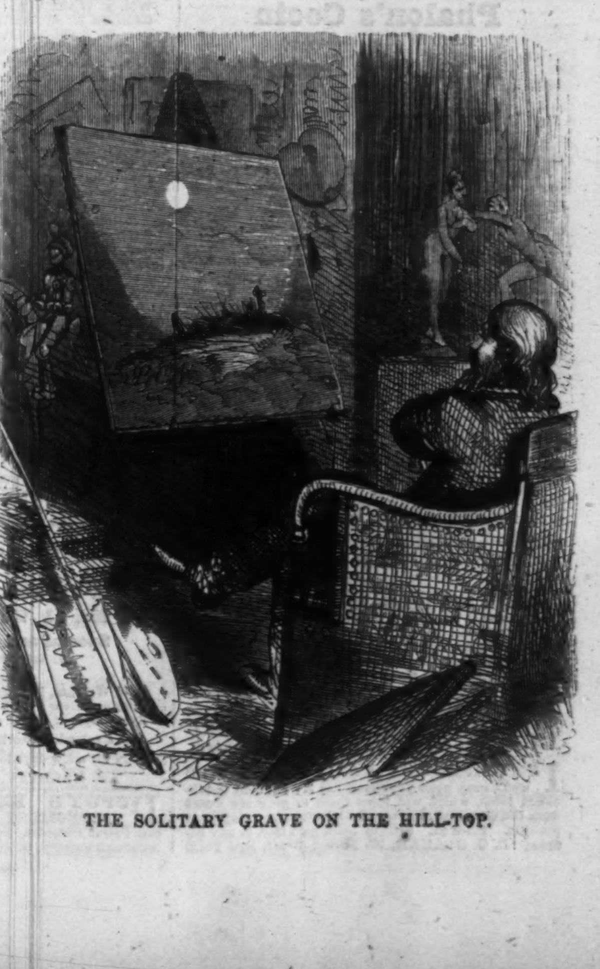
"Oh, what a pretty snow-storm!" said the little street children looking up.

Then Arthur Merlin turned to his great easel, upon which stood the canvas of the picture of Diana and Endymion. Through the parted clouds the face of the Queen and huntress—the face of Hope Wayne—looked tenderly upon the sleeping figure of the shepherd on the bare top of the grassy hill—the face and figure of Lawrence Newt.

The painter took his brushes and his pallet, and his maul-stick. He paused for some time again, as he stood before the easel, then he went quietly to work. He touched it here and there. He stepped back to mark the effect—rubbed with his finger—sighed—stepped back—and still worked on. The hours glided away, and daylight began to fade, but not until he had finished his work.

Then he scraped his pallet and washed his brushes, and seated himself upon the sofa opposite the easel. There was no picture of Diana or of Endymion any longer. In the place of Diana there was a full summer moon shining calmly in a cloudless heaven. Its benignant light fell upon a solitary grave upon a hill-top, which filled the spot where Endymion had lain.

Arthur Merlin sat in the corner of the sofa with folded arms, looking at the picture, until the darkness entirely hid it from view.



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[Letter from a Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

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OF
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BY JULIA CAREY RHEINHARDT.

"Words are but words," the lady said,
With a slow swaying of the head,
Still holding her small hand aloof;
"Your vows are fair, if well believed,
But as for me! being once deceived,
I need, you see, some further proof."

In agony before her feet
Dropped down the youth; his hands did meet
Above his wildly throbbing heart;
"Name any trial that you will—
And if by courage, strength, and skill
It can be done, I'll play my part.

"Some giant would you have me slay,
Or kill some lion by the way?
But tell me, and you'll find it done!"
The lady smiled at some odd thought,
And in her dazzling eyes we caught
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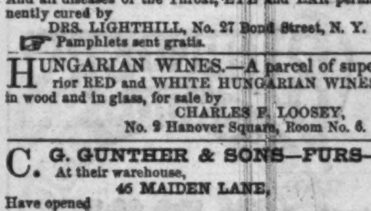

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